MODERN

MAN

THE ADULT PICTURE MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1962

50c

GUNS –
TOP MAN ON THE TROPHY POLE

GEARS –
RACING'S HARD LUCK CAR

GIRLS –
UNCOVERED COVER GIRL ▶ —Page 17

BOB NEWHART – NEW BRAND OF NUT

ON THE INSIDE

BEING AUGUST, you might tend to blame sunstroke for the mirage-like sights you will see on the next pages. Relax. There is nothing wrong with you; it is just the odd nature of this month's features. The duplicate dolls (right) *are* twin chicks who *Double Your Pleasure* (page 11); the feathered fanatics plummeting from a pole (above) *are*—well, strictly for the birds (page 23); and that strip teaser's helper (page 34) *is* a horse. By now, if you are thinking we got too much sun, dig Doll of the Month Adele Roman (above right, page 42) and Cover Girl Anne Austin (page 17) to see what really causes the heat! In between, do not by pass the latest nude reel review (page 20), nut Bob Newhart (page 36) or *Racing's Hard Luck Car* (page 45). These and many more steaming stories are the hottest features under the sun.

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CONTENTS

Big Game Hunter—
TOP MAN ON THE TROPHY POLE — Col. Charles Askins 4

English Eccentrics—
BRITISH BEATS AND ALL THAT JAZZ — Max Harris 8

Two for the "Show"—
DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE — Jay Howard 11

Yesterday's Heroes (Part VI)—
CAPTAIN JOHN BUCKELEY — Martin Collyer 14

Uncovered Cover Girl—
ANNE AUSTIN 17

MM Goes to the Movies—
MR. PETERS' PETS — Albert N. Podell 20

Games for Big Boys—
LOOK PEDRO! NO HANDS! — Marv Kemp 23

Sports Spectacular—
JUDO UPSET BY FLYING DUTCHMAN — Ernie Wilson 26

Nudes—
MODERN ART FOR MEN 29

Win, Place and Plenty Show—
JUST HORSING AROUND — Arch Ayres 34

New Brand of Nuts (Part VIII)—
BOB NEWHART — Mort Cooper 36

Poser in Painters' Paradise—
CHICK 'N NOODLES 39

Doll of the Month—
ADELE ROMAN 42

Bomb That Fizzled—
THE NOVI—RACING'S HARD-LUCK CAR — Bob Verlin 45

Fiction—
SOUTHPAW'S CURVES — Chet Vonier 48

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MAN to MAN

MOST PLUSH-LIVING PIANIST in the world, Liberace, recently purchased a mammoth Hollywood Hills pad formerly owned by Rudy Vallee and Ann Harding (at different times, of course), then spent nearly a quarter-million re-decorating it in gold. The carpeting is so thick that spike-heeled visitors are provided with slippers to keep them from sinking and tripping in the fluff. While rock-and-rolling hipsters snicker at the Candelabra King's keyboard teeth, he chuckles and adds up his bank deposit which is more than ample to cover the luxury life—being regularly reinforced with annual earnings of over one million dollars.

COMELIEST DISTRACTION from a girl singer's night club act in Madrid took place in the form of Ava Gardner's gams when the well-limbed actress decided to raise her dress and remove her stockings while sitting at a ringside table. The young songstress interrupted her lyrics to stare, and Ava—discovering that all eyes were upon her — left in anger, blaming the songbird for calling attention to her. Little did Ava realize it was not the singer's silence, but the shapely sight of her famed gams that drew the eyes of approval.

MOST OFTEN MARRIED man of the century is an Egyptian house painter named Muhammad Ahmad Issa, who makes Tommy Manville look like a celibate Cub Scout. Issa has been married and divorced 60 times in 30 years. Since his first wedding at 19, he trades in his wives regularly every six months, sticking to a tight schedule: on June 30 and December 31, at five p.m., he presents his wife of the moment with the divorce papers, promises her alimony of six dollars a week for nine months, then tells her to go away. According to Moslem law, nothing more is required. The next day at 10 a.m., he gets married again. "I got the six-month itch right after my first marriage," he says, "and I have no regrets. I never have any difficulty finding a new wife." Issa maintains this strict routine to assure himself of a hot lunch on the days of his divorces and marriages. "I have to give two hours' notice of divorce according to Moslem law. But I'll give no more. If I did," he sighs, "my old wife might try to poison my lunch."

TOP MAN ON

RECORDS ARE ROUTINE FOR ELGIN GATES, WINNER OF 1960 WEATHERBY HUNTER OF THE YEAR AWARD; BUT IT WAS HIS MARCO POLO SHEEP THAT CLINCHED HIS TITLE

By Colonel Charles Askins

THERE are fifteen million or more hunters in this country. Who is the champion? How do you pick a champion out of so many?

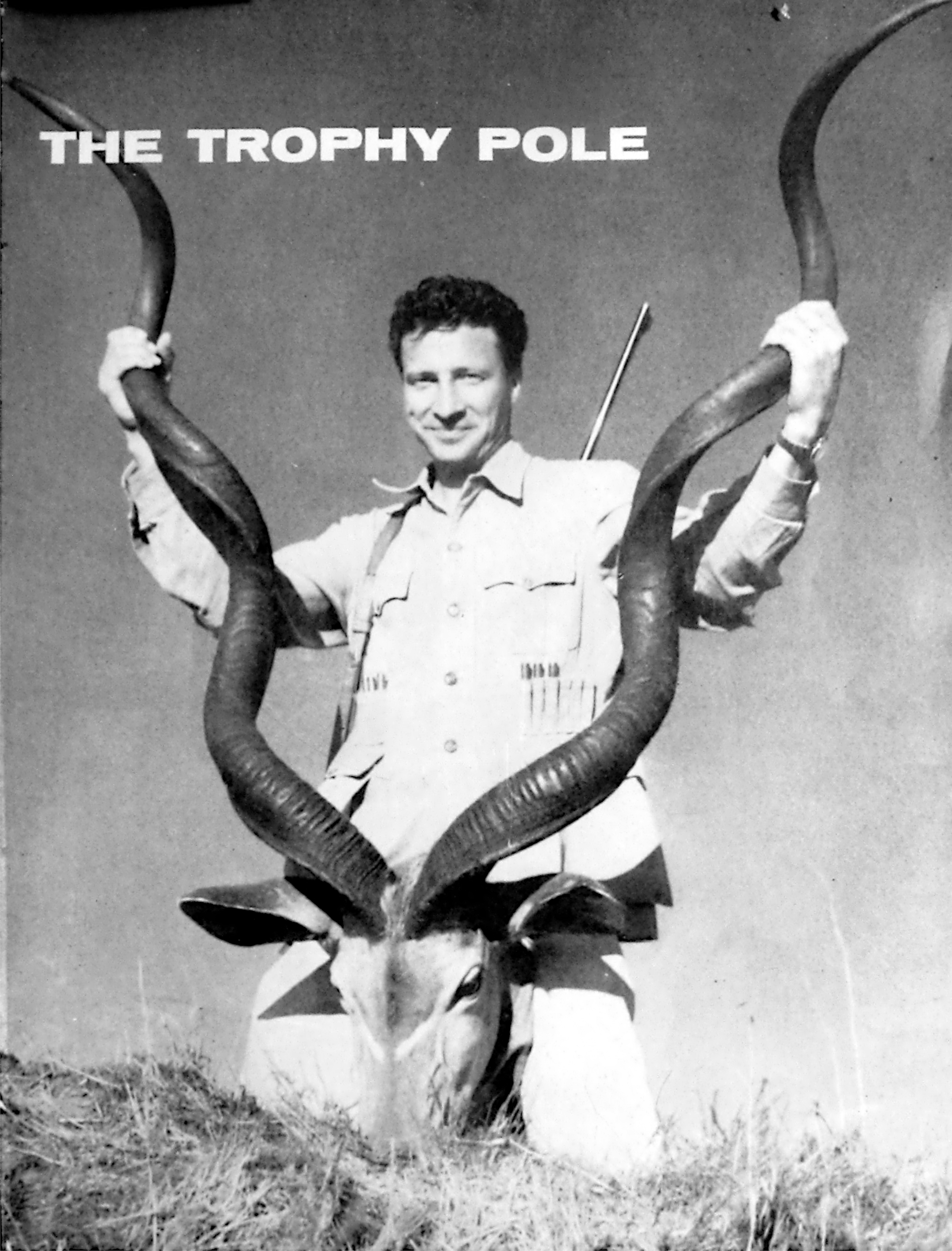
The Fish & Wildlife boys keep statistics on how much game is bagged each season, but they can't tell us who is king among the takers. Anyway, quantity is not the answer. Hombres who stalk the woods all year, shooting game in season and varmints out of season, can pile up a fantastic score of kills. Last winter, my white hunter, Mike Hissey, killed 1300 Uganda Kob (handsome little antelopes) as a Kenga game control measure. Surely the decimation of these creatures, ordered to be slaughtered because they ate

Capping climax of hunting career of youthful Elgin Gates was receipt of Weatherby award given by riflemaker (left). Companion Nimrods Herb Klein, Gen. Doolittle (right) attended the trophy dinner.

Climax but not end to California huntsman's quests for top game was taking of 62⅜" Marco Polo sheep above 13,000 foot line in Asia. Gates is first American since 1927 to shoot this rare sheep.

Kudu horns are among trophies which put Gates into Boone & Crockett records many times. Man-high spikes measure R. 67⅜" and L. 67⅞" along curves; tip to tip spread 52". Great antelope was collected in May 1959 hunt to Portuguese East Africa guided by noted white hunter Jose J. Simoes, Beira, P.E.A.

THE TROPHY POLE



WHITE ORYX

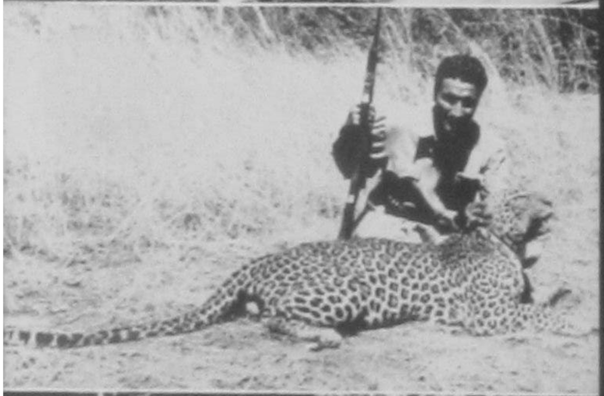
Record white oryx with heavy curve of ribbed horns is among prizes now in California gunner's game room. Rifle held is .300 Weatherby used for many years.

LION

Although not a one-gun man, Gates is not a collector, owns only a few. Lion of record making size fell to .300 Wby M, 180-grain Nosler bullet loaded in factory ammo.

BROWN BEAR

Over six feet tall, lean Elgin Gates is dwarfed by monster brown bear from 1959 hunt on the Alaska Peninsula. Gates' bear placed in Boone & Crockett records book.



LEOPARD

Record cat was floored by Gates' .300, is now on floor at Balboa, Cal. hunter's home as leopard rug. Gates, distributor of Mercury boat motors, has hunted much recently.

CAPE BUFFALO

Stepping up to .378 Wby built on Shultz & Larsen action instead of old faithful FN-Mauser, Gates sought and found 43" horn width African buffalo for record book.

BARBARY SHEEP

[illegible]

>

[illegible]

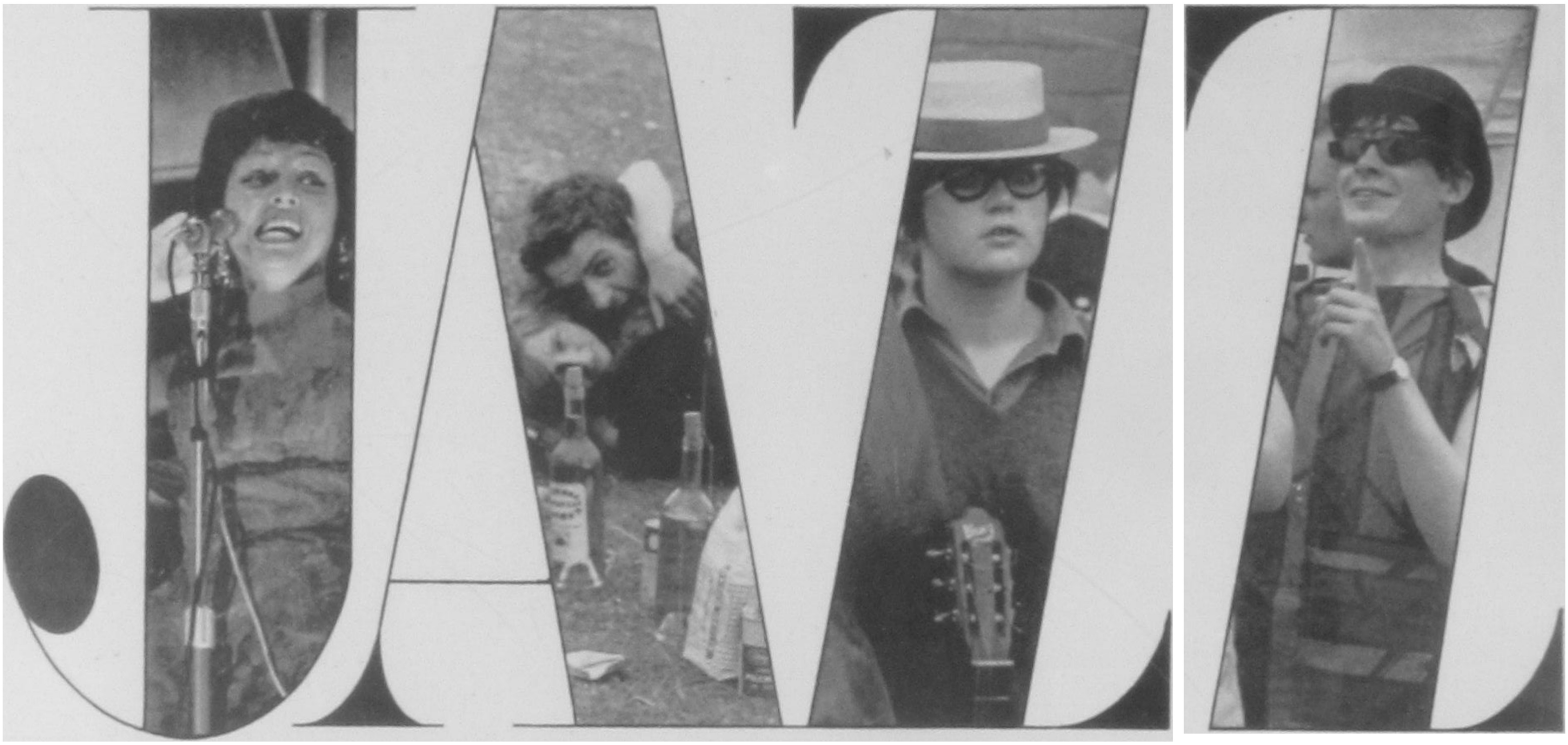
[illegible]

Elgin Gates, from Balboa, California, just awarded the title of Outstanding Sportsman of the Year.

He was voted the award by a panel of ten experts, some of the world's best qualified men for judging such a contest. These men gave Gates the title of Outstanding Huntsman because he "showed outstanding achievement in the big game hunting world, collected the greatest number of record and average animals, exhibited unusual accomplishments, indicated high character and sportsmanship, and contributed to game conservation and hunting education."

Five years ago, Roy Weatherby, the West Coast rifle manufacturer, conceived the idea of an annual hunting sportsmanship award. The Weatherby Company (*Continued on Page 53*)

BRITISH BEATS AND ALL THAT



Carried away by festival's musical thunder, boisterous English eccentrics get carried off after striking sour note at concert.

By Max Harris

FOR 362 DAYS A YEAR, the English village of Beaulieu is a silent cemetery of ancient dwellings somberly situated midway between Southampton and Bournemouth on the coast of Hampshire. It is a place where the entire town gathers to watch the local constable ticket a traffic violator, where a dog-bites-man story is still news, where house flies rate as public enemy number one. But for three days, on each July, the dormant hamlet stirs and rattles, then springs alive. Its population is swelled by over 10,000 boisterous, drunken, belligerent, outlandish, gruesome, seedy creatures unlike anything seen elsewhere in civilization—British beatniks! The time has come when London's lemmings make their annual dash to the seashore. It is the mass pilgrimage to that most sacred of all rituals

Lord Montagu's Beaulieu Jazz Festival! Arriving in Beaulieu by hundreds, the slovenly masses of bearded, barefoot Bohemians come by caravans of trains, scooters, bicycles, and motorcycles, by thumb and foot, and heaped high on rickety autos sway-bent

PASSING beneath suspicious eyes of constable (above), creatures make scene to hear vocalist Anita O'Day (right), other greats, perform jazz.

CLUTTERING grounds of Lord Montagu's estate in Beaulieu (below), site of Jazz Festival, as [illegible] British youth hold impromptu jam session. Most are devoted disciples of jazz, but kicks-seeking minority [illegible]

ENTERING Beaulieu village on eve of festival (above), car-busting crowd of cats completes pilgrimage to jazztown.

and bloated under pyramids of packed-in cats and chicks. Beats can be shaken from trees, and they all but rain from passing clouds. And because Beaulieu has one inn and few cottages, most sleep in ditches and fields. They lay-in a stock of booze to fortify themselves against the nights and conduct group make-out sessions. The concerts, patterned after the Newport Festival, run from seven p.m. to midnight, leaving lots of in-between time for kicks. Lord Montagu, the most recent in a line of bluebloods, sponsors the musical bash not without misgivings since the riot of 1960. Zealous cats had toppled a TV tower, stormed the mike to demand free beer for all, and ignited fires in Montagu's buildings. The incident made front pages from Detroit to Damascus; and ever since, Montagu has had all visitors screened—with little effect. As made evident in these photos, English 'niks are unlike American, French, or the Japanese versions. They dig garish garb instead of simple attire, beer instead of espresso, and love-making instead of intellectual conversation. And nowhere are these traits more notable than at Beaulieu, where the wail of a sax accompanies the wail of sex, where drum thunder is out of beat with the thump of rioting Beat feet, where muted trumpets are in discord with the muted, musical laughter of liquor-whetted mouths, where lashing trombone valves move at a slower tempo than thrashing fists, where cymbal crashes follow smashing bottles, and where the true Beatnik's divine devotion to music is lacking, replaced by a lustier devotion to sex, spirits, sinister pursuits—and "all that jazz."

UNSOOTHED by music (above left), savage beasts settle beef before distinguished spectators while weird partners (left), dance slow dirge appropriate to slogan on vest.

DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE

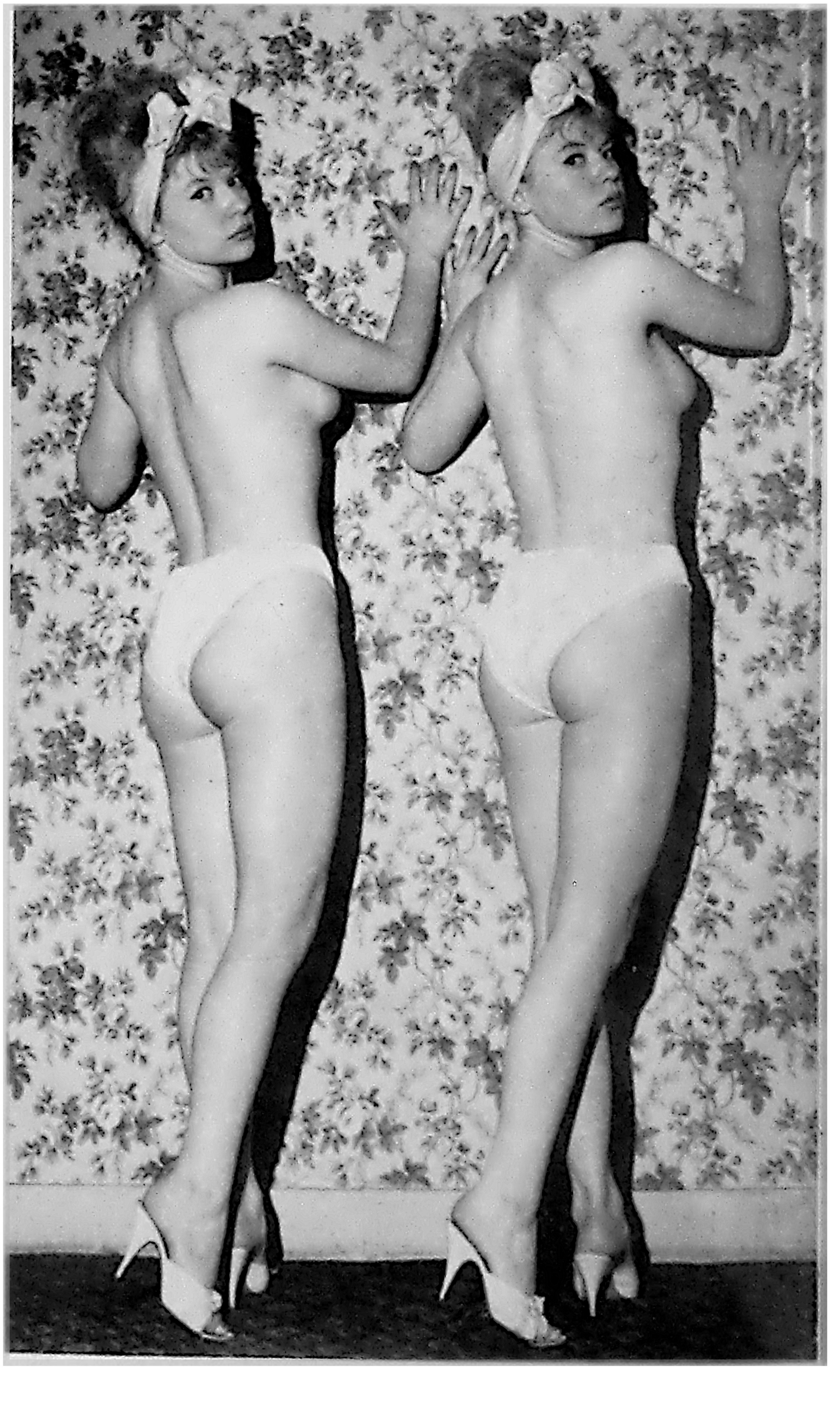
Offering twice as much for showgoers' money, torrid team of sexsuous Parisian siblings has guys seeing double.

By Jay J. Howard

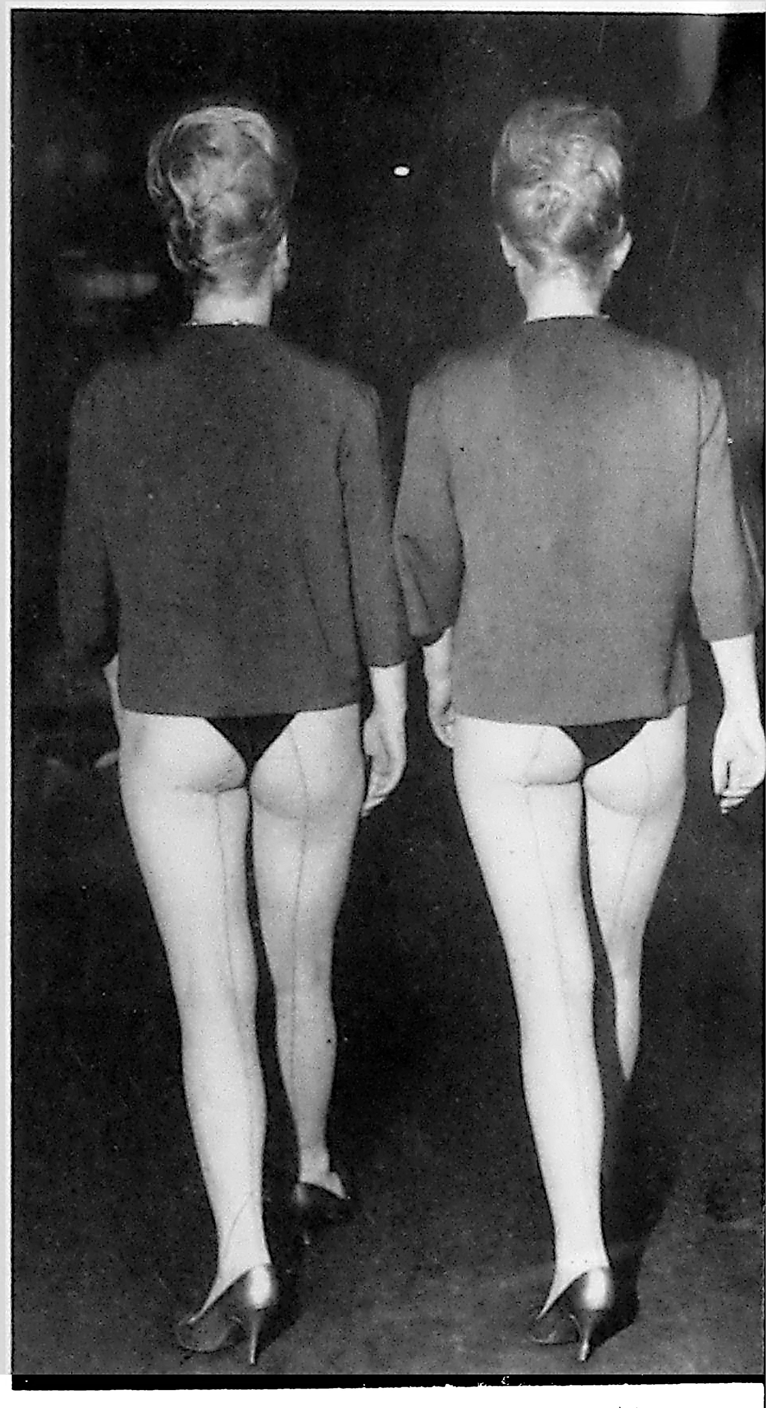
FLICK ON ANY TV and invariably you will find some silly bear is selling beer. Switch to your radio and you are liable to hear Julie London seductively croon, "You get a lot to like with a Marlboro." Everything and everybody seems to be working for Madison Avenue these days. The duplicate dolls on these pages, however, are not peddling chewing gum, or anything else the hucksters have to offer, even though they are guaranteed to visually "double your pleasure and double your fun." Billed as Les Baby Twins, they put on a song and dance act that even the blasé reporters on the Paris night club beat are describing as "*tres sexy*." These senuous siblings got a prosaic start in life as Helga and Gitta in Germany's wicked waterfront town of Hamburg. Growing up in the city's swinging St. Pauli section, which teems with night spots

DANCING, singing, Les Baby Twins (top right) need hand mikes on long cords for uninhibited, fast moving act. Twins reveal (bottom right) that figures as well as faces are identical.

more sinful than saintly, they took naturally to singing and dancing. As teen-agers they heated up the tubes on German TV, but too many people began complaining about those double images on their sets. Just for the record, however, none of the complainers were of the male variety. Finally, their big break came and they crossed the Reeperbahn to open at Paris' Club Carrousel. The place turned out to be a real part of "gay Paree"— all the other "gals" in the show were really guys! People who caught the act claim it was full of double entendres, but it was not difficult to sort out the two C-cup cuties from the phonies. After a year with the "boys", the torrid twins were signed for a tour of the Middle East by an enterprising Syrian promoter who knew their bosomy blonde beauty would be doubly appreciated there. And it was! An eminent emir in Baghdad became so enamored of the voluptuous vixens that he asked them both to marry him. In spite of the fact that they have always performed as a double, they decided that marriage was one show where they would like to play as singles. They told their Arab friend to fold his tent, but he did not seem to get the message. In fact, he was so determined to parlay his harem that he resorted to "scare 'em" tactics, throwing his considerable weight around in an effort to force them into his serai. With a bit of duplicity, however, the gals managed to wiggle their way out of town. Now back in the comparative safety of Paris, where passes are made with a bit more finesse, the saucy sisters are playing to an SRO house at the Olympia Theater. The thrifty French just cannot pass up a chance to get two sex filled shows for the price of one. Their next engagement is in Bierut, Lebanon. After their last set of experiences in that part of the world, the gals admit that they will be happy if they just get back in two pieces. Offstage, Helga and Gitta spend a lot of time at the beach soaking up the sun. Needless to say, in their case, two heads—and figures, et al, are a damn sight better than one.

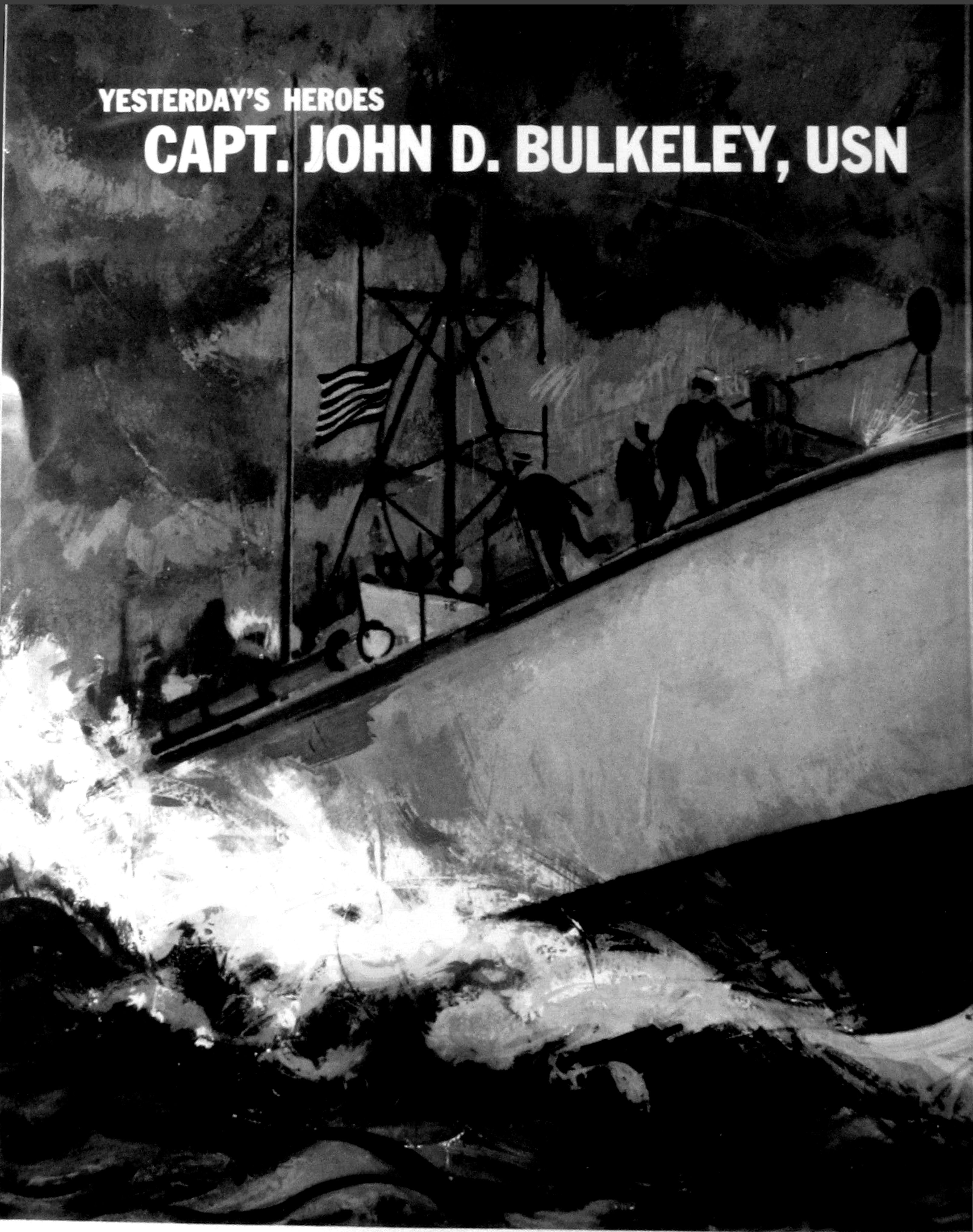


TURNING heads in all directions, torrid twins are double measure of sensuous beauty any way you look at them. Resemblance is striking whether one is viewing teasing faces (top right) or their other fabulous features (bottom right) while their fetching figures are as seductive in loose nighties (above) as in tight costumes (below).



YESTERDAY'S HEROES

CAPT. JOHN D. BULKELEY, USN

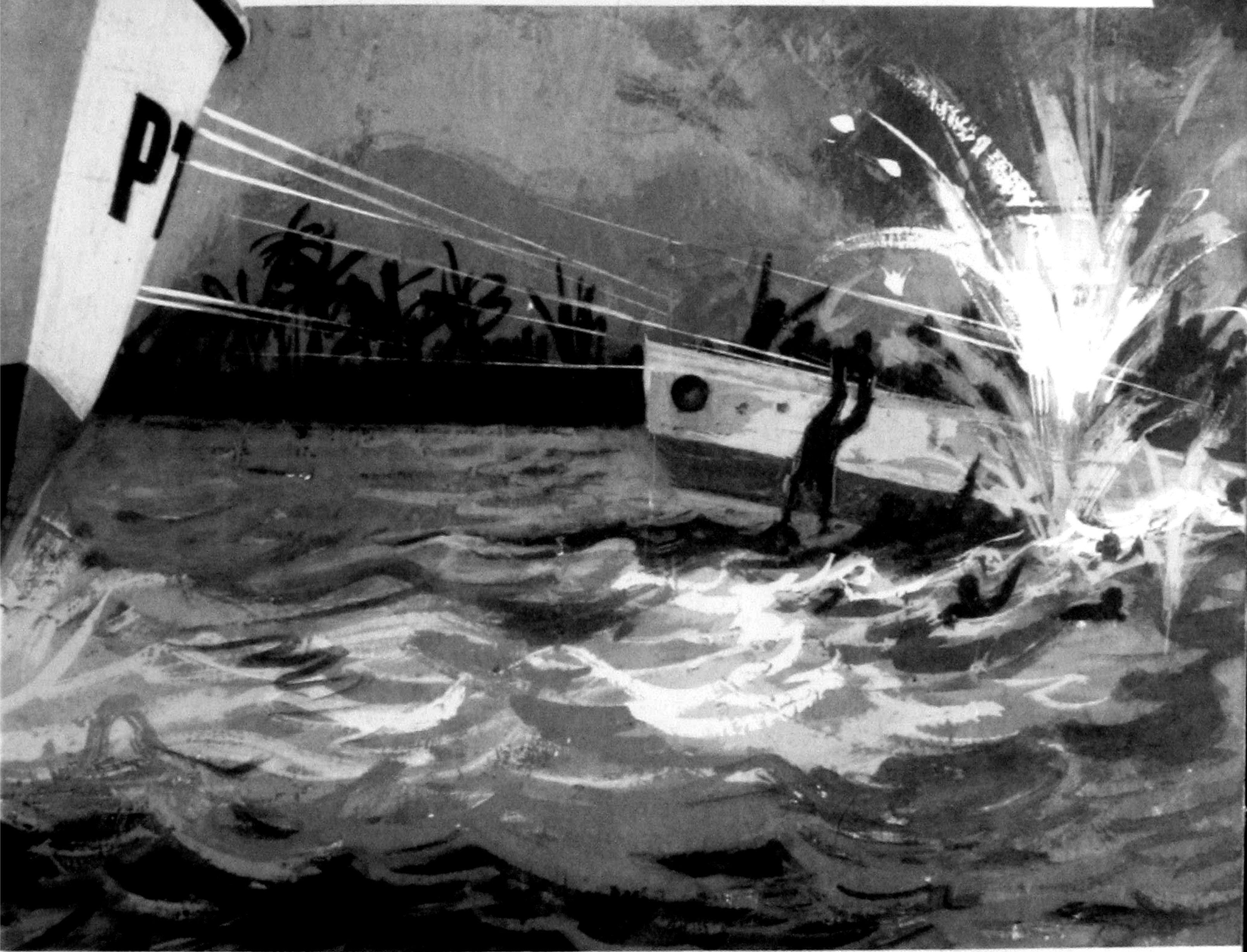


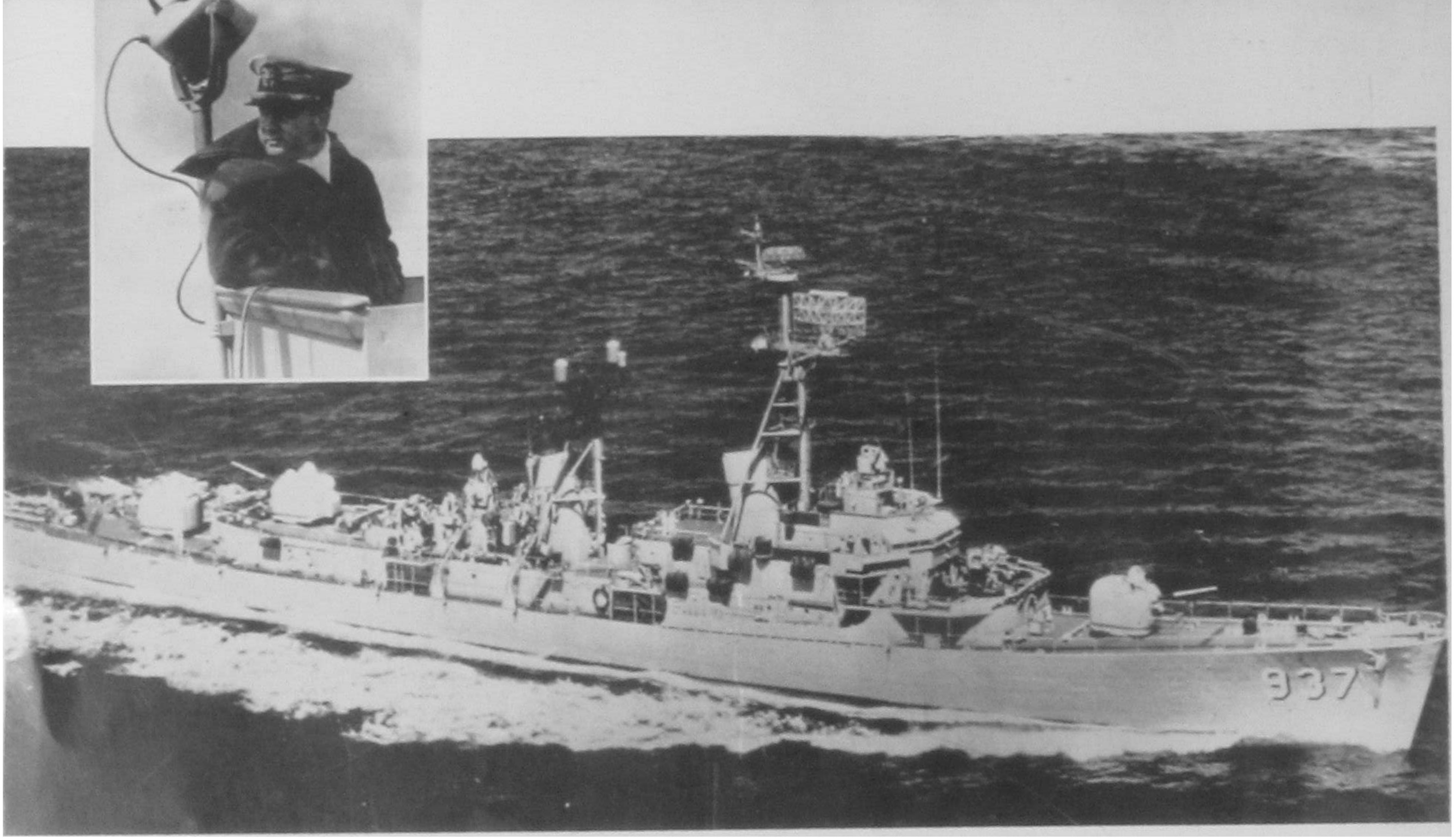
Pitting PT Boats against overwhelming odds, South Seas hero won bright victories in darkest days of war.

By Martin Collyer

CITATION OF A MEDAL OF HONOR WINNER

Dateline: Philippines, 1941-42 . . . "For extraordinary heroism and gallantry above and beyond the call of duty, as Commander of Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron Three: The remarkable achievement of Lt. Bulkeley's Command in damaging or destroying Japanese planes and ships, in dispersing landbased enemy forces without benefit of repair or maintenance facilities for his squadron is without precedent. His outstanding leadership and complete disregard for his own safety reflect great credit upon him and the Naval Service."—Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt.





COMMANDING flagship of Destroyer Squadron 12 (above), Captain John Bulkeley (inset) displays same even-tempered determination that helped him to amass astounding record of heroic feats from Philippines to Normandy.

FIGHTING on two oceans, Bulkeley meets King George VI (above) just before D-Day, receives Medal, congratulations from President Roosevelt (below for heroism in Pacific.

Editor's Note: Another in MM's exciting series on the great American heroes of World War II, the following is an up-dating on the present and a thrilling look into the past of Captain John D. Bulkeley. A naval Congressional Medal winner, Bulkeley's moments of glory in the South Pacific theatre and on the bloody waters of Normandy will live as an inspiration to all "the men who go down to the sea in ships."

FIFTY-ONE YEAR OLD Captain John Duncan Bulkeley, whose career has been the U.S. Navy uninterruptedly since the early 1930's, would make the perfect Hollywood stereotype of a war hero. Chunky and of medium height, he attained the nickname "Big John," not for his physique but for his stature as a man. In the dark days of the Philippine campaign, he knew his share of fear but he remained relentlessly cool under constant fire. He was the nerveless hero of the 1942 Subic Bay sinking of a 5,000 ton Japanese supply ship and the dauntless commander of the patrol torpedo squadron which whisked General Douglas MacArthur out of the Philippines, but when he was flown back to New York to see the American flag fluttering in the doorway of his apartment house in Long Island City and to hear the cheers of his neighbors, he turned tail and ran.

If his combat on Bataan had been fraught with peril, his return home to grateful applause was sheer torture. He stood in painful shyness under the glare of clamoring reporters and city officials, made a stiff, short speech in praise of MacArthur and PT boats, and then at the first opportunity hustled his wife, his mother, and the 19-month-old daughter he had not seen since the previous August out of sight. A lieutenant who had fought alongside him west of Manila Bay and who was with him on that sunny May afternoon in Long Island City recalls now, "It was a fantastic sight. 'Big John' never flinched once during the most rugged times in the Pacific. It was as if he had a personal war with the Japs and he was the bravest man out there. But when the borough president presented him with a scroll, I thought he wouldn't stop trembling." (*Continued on Page 56*)

ANNE AUSTIN

IN RECENT decades, the United States has preceded Great Britain in developing everything from refrigerators and TV to atom bombs and rockets. And now—about eight years after America's "Bosom Boom" — the English finally are starting a boom that might be the biggest bust of all. This time, they seem to be going Uncle Sam one better. For Cover Girl Anne Austin—whose 39-23-38 figure would grow hair on the American bald eagle—is only one of many bumptious Britons uncovered for MODERN MAN by lensman Irv Carsten. Fact is, either he has a secret pulchritude-finder device, or England has so many busty beauts that MM can bare-ly show them all.

PRESENTING her commonwealth of curves to Stateside admirers, Anne Austin is newest Bundle from Britain sent by London-exploring lensman Irv Carsten. Unwrapped for inspection, pulchritudinous package tapes 39-23-38.

ENJOYING healthy atmosphere of rural England, Anne exposes her ample lungs to fresh air, Carsten's camera at same time. Born 22 years ago near Scottish frontier, Anne dislikes London fog.

UNCOVERED

COVER GIRL

ANNE'S MULTI-DIRECTIONAL shape was preceded in MM by such other Carsten finds as June Palmer (March), Tina Maddison (April), and Anne Walker (June). The average chest size of this gorgeous group is a staggering $38\frac{1}{2}$ inches, just a mite shy of Anne's own full-blown circumference. From a nation once better known for its fish 'n chips than for its females, this tape-busting record —and it can stand up anywhere in the world—proves the Britons are doing one helluva fine job. Moreover, the developments are not wasted, either, as evidenced by the fact that Anne has a delightful face to accompany her dynamic form. Sadly, Britannia will not reveal the secret of its sexcess (Anne insists she just "grew" that way), but as long as its "Bundles from Britain" come in such shapely packages, who cares about minor details.

MR. PETERS' PETS

By Albert N. Podell

Nude flick with kick features slick chicks and wolf in dog's clothing.

MIXING magic brew (above left), Peters makes like Dr. Jekyll to become animal who would have unhampered view of female hides (facing page). Potentate (above right) is Peter's benefactor who provides pet peddler with amazing potion.

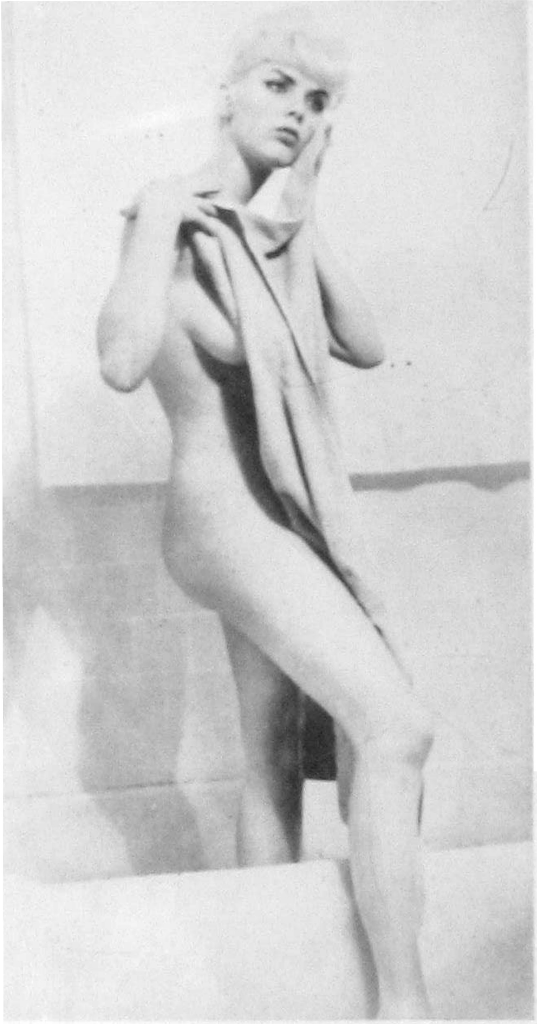
IT IS AN ACCEPTED AXIOM of the American way that every dog must have its day. But just see what would happen if you twist that bit of "be kind to animals" philosophy around and try to convince people that everyone should have his day as a dog. No one in his right cranium would want to be a poor mutt—bombarded with flea powder, beset with indigestible horse meat, pin-cushioned with rabies shots, exercised on the short end of a leash, and justifiably regarded by the community at large as a son-of-a-beagle hound.

Or at least no one in possession of his senses would have wanted to be a dog until Hollywood got into the act. It all started when Associated Film Distributors of California, following the sexy trail blazed by *The Immoral Mr. Teas* and *Not Tonight, Henry*, produced the canine classic, *Mr. Peters' Pets*. One look at the flick and moviegoers are convinced that Fido really has it made. And some even think they finally understand what it was that made Lassie come home.

The plot, which is almost as nonexistent as the clothes worn by the female members of the cast, deals with a pet shop owner named Peters. Portrayed by comedian Alfred Hopson, Peters purchases a secret Indian powder guaranteed to convert him into a number of domestic pets. The Oriental magic works and from this implausible theme of animal conversion, the progenitors of the flick have sewn together a colorful yarn full of monkeyshines. For the film is decidedly one of the funniest and fleshiest you will ever see—providing of course, you do not reside in one of the 40-plus states where such nude entertainment is taboo.

With his own pet shop as source of operation, Peters uses the magic powder as a means of gaining entrance into the homes of the luscious models who patronize his establishment. When they select a pet from his stock, he takes a dosage of the drug and transforms himself into whatever the situation requires from a chihuahua to a chimpanzee. Needless to say, he then has a field day ogling gorgeous undraped females portrayed by such gorgeous models as Margot Mehling, Danice Daniels and 10—count 'em—10 more beauties.

Imagine, if you can, that you are a little lap dog owned by some sweet young thing who happens to be built like Anita Ekberg and whose favorite pastime is romping around the house in nothing more than a smile. She holds you on her lap. She caresses your ears. She buries your little wet nose in her chest. She rubs her cheek against



your furry face. Being a man in dog's clothing, the sensations are downright frightening.

You might, of course, as Peters does, wind up with a less affectionate or demonstrative mistress. But you still have the run of the house, and as a sneaking spaniel or a creeping collie you could still spy on the unsuspecting girl from bathtime to bedtime. And even the most unaffectionate owners are apt to relent on cold winter nights to let Rover share the covers if he proves willing to do his canine duty and keep their toes warm.

Mr. Peters' Pets convinces the moviegoers that a dog's life is not as bleak as oftimes described. However, all does not always run smoothly for this peeping tomcat. More than once he is threatened with the city pound for prowling around in milady's boudoir, and the bill of fare he is sometimes fed would be enough to make any less devoted mutt file a protest with ASPCA.

Hardly Academy Award potential, *Mr. Peters' Pets*, nonetheless, provides some provocative possibilities. It might be the cause of the whole nation going to the dogs.

SELLING canary to friendly model (above right), Peters plays it cagey. In other models' homes, his peeping turns bathroom into goldfish bowl (above) as unsuspecting girls romp in the raw before his canine eyes. Owners (right) take him on sunbathing trips which are more fun than sun.

LOOK PEDRO! NO HANDS!

GAMES FOR BIG BOYS

Soaring high, Mexican Indians scrape clouds in spectacular stunt that is strictly for the birds.

By Marv Kemp

SPREADING wings like huge birds of prey, *voladores* (above) begin perilous earthward flight. Just getting to top of giant pole (left) is difficult, requires strong hands, sure feet.

SPINNING downward from pinnacle of tall pole (below), Mexican birdmen will swing in ever widening circles, increase speed of descent until they reach village square far below. Grotesque masks worn by *voladores* (left) once represented sacred birds.

IS IT A BIRD? Is it a plane? Is it Superman? No, the strange creatures pictured floating through the air with a minimum of ease on these pages are just a bunch of Mexican daredevils performing a perilous game known as "the ceremony of the *voladores*." While everybody knows that the Superman of comics and video fame is for little boys and its flying hero a figment of someone's overactive imagination, you might be excused for thinking that these are birds or supermen or some weird combination of the two. Their natural habitat is not, however, Superman's city of Metropolis, nor a bird's nest on some remote mountain top. They put in their flying time high above an Indian village located in the heart of Old Mexico.

The contraption that these modern Daedaluses swoop from resembles the flying scooters at the amusement park, except that the scooters are missing. It is put up at festival time and reaches to the height of a ship's mast.

Once everything is ready, six of the local braves deck themselves out like ferocious birds and clamber to the top. When they reach the tiny platform up there, they take time out to do a Mexican version of the Twist. Then they tie a rope around their waists and, having no place to go but down, they plunge headfirst into space with a blood-curdling shriek.

DEMONSTRATING instruments he will play in flight, birdman (above) produces eerie, staccato music.

WAITING before long climb, costumed *voladores* (above) seem calm in spite of great nervous strain.

As the rope, which is secured to the top of the pole, unwinds, they glide earthward in ever widening circles like giant hawks in search of prey. All the while, some of the upside-down *voladores* play piercing tunes on fifes while others accompany their flight with drum beats.

Needless to say, this is a pretty dangerous way to prove that you are a real swinging cat and some people say that you have to be either a bird-brain or drunk to take the plunge. Not wishing to be considered the former, most of the braves indulge in ample quantities of firewater. Tequila sales skyrocket just before each blast-off and many are flying high before they ever leave old terra firma.

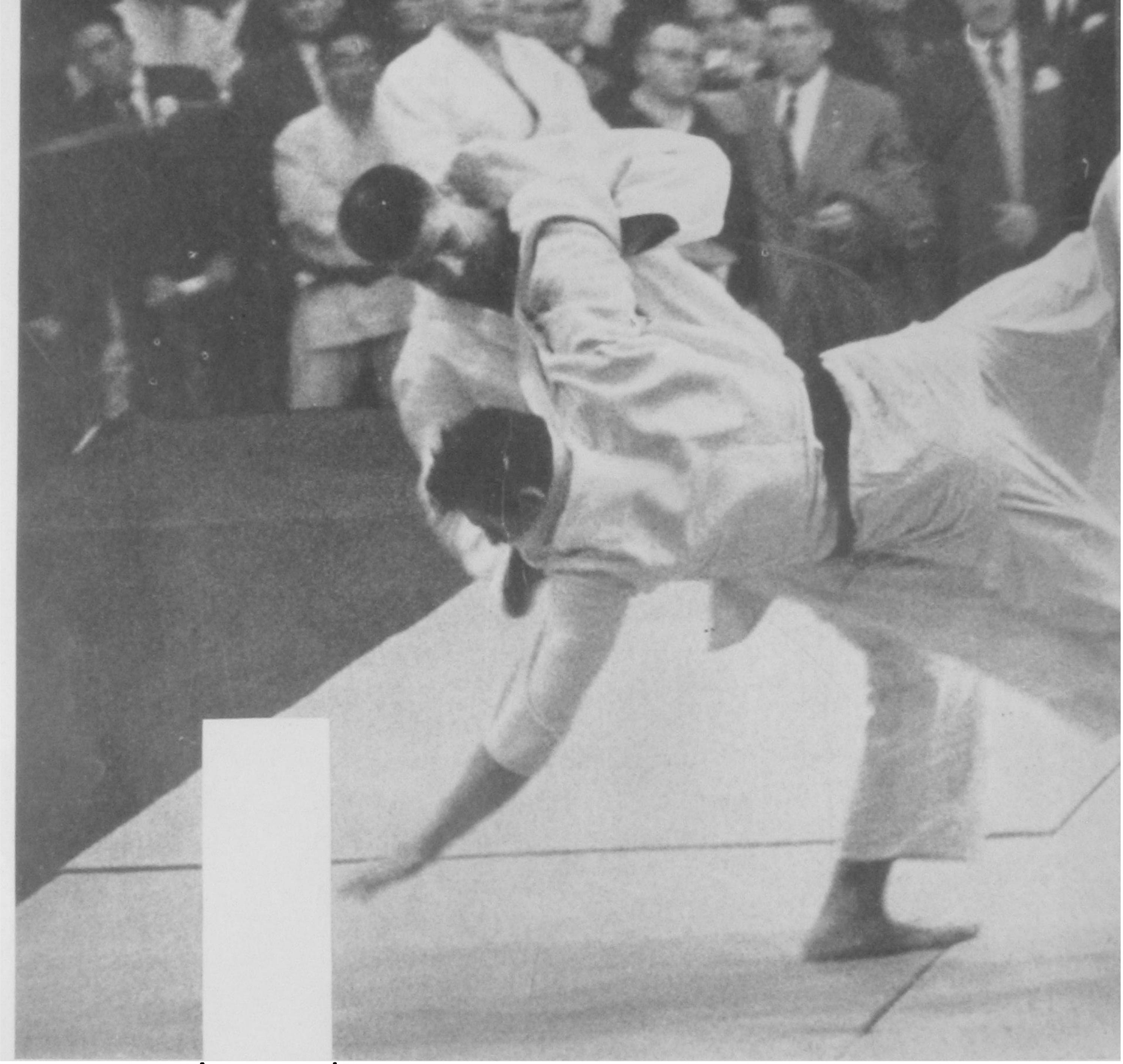
Unfortunately, the old adage that drinking and driving do not mix applies with equal force to flying. The casualty rate goes up with the alcohol content of the *voladores*. In fact, some villages have grounded all their birdmen for fear that there would be no able-bodied men left to do the milking and plowing and other such down-to-earth tasks.

Sometime in the dim past, the ceremony had great symbolic meaning. According to the old Spanish chronicles, there used to be only four *voladores* and their costumes probably were intended to represent the four sacred birds that guarded the cardinal points of the compass. The flight itself is believed to have symbolized the Indian "century" of 52 years which was divided into four cycles of 13 years duration. Each flyer made 13 rounds before reaching the ground so that the four together made up the full 52 years of the "century."

About the only feature of the old ceremony that has been maintained in its original form is the sacrifice of a real bird before the pole is set up. A live hen or turkey is placed in the bottom of the post hole and the huge hole dropped in on top of it. The idea is that the bird will serve as nourishment for the pole and make it strong enough to support the *voladores*.

VIEWING downward flight with mixture of amusement, awe, village children (above) may be *voladores* of tomorrow.

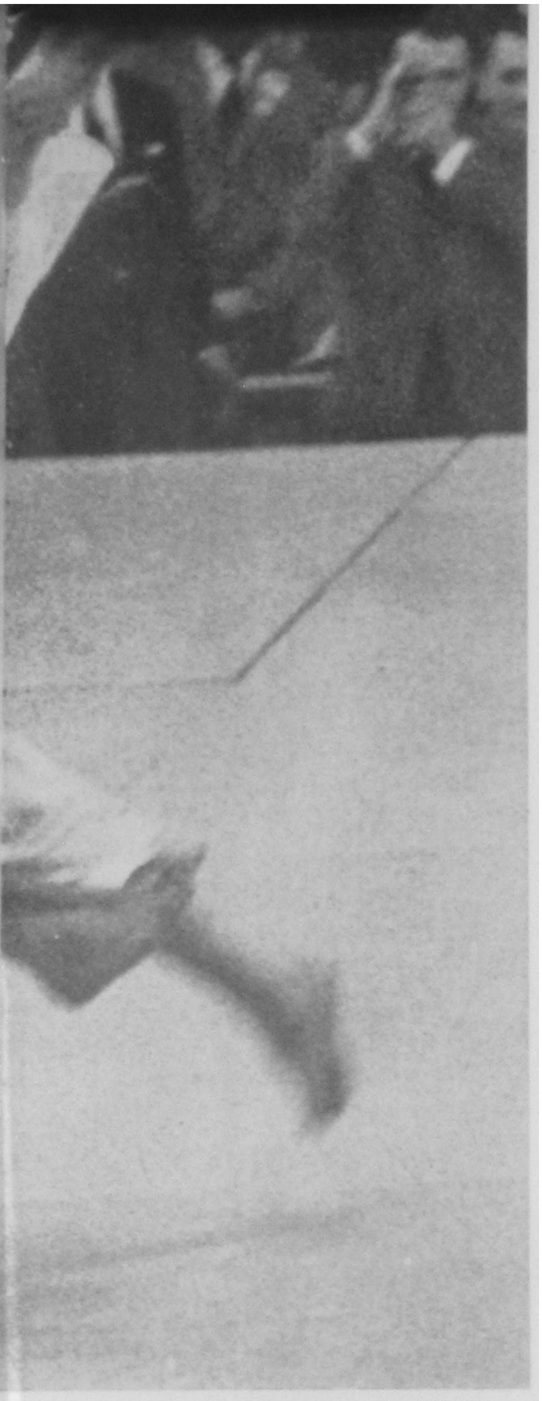
Today, the serious significance of the flights has been lost in antiquity. The two extra *voladores* have been added simply because they make for a better show. But, if the ceremony has lost meaning, it remains a thrilling game of acrobats with which to climax the festival. When the *voladores* swing out in ever faster and wider arcs, the crowd below shivers in the knowledge that at any time a brave might well pay with his life for the privilege of soaring through the air like Clark Kent—in his Superman costume, of course.



SENDING Yugoslavian judoist Stojan spinning to mat Holland's Anton Geesink mows down his opponent in 10 seconds of furious, precision fighting.

JUDO UPSET by

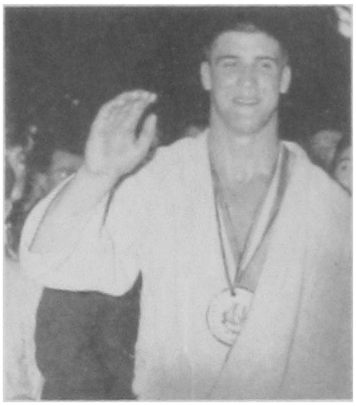
Dishing out Japan's first defeat in judo, Holland hellcat wins world title, revolutionizes sport—all in under 18 minutes.



FOR SEVEN MINUTES and 40 seconds, the broad-shouldered, stony-faced man from the Western World struggled with the nimble, slippery man from the Far East. They exchanged lightning-quick motions and applied dynamic forces until the Oriental was slammed on his back and pinned under the superior weight of the European. Then it happened. The most surprising sports upset of the year took place on the mats of the World Championship judo contest in France as the Dutchman named Anton Geesink conquered the Japanese judoist, Sone. The last hope of previously undefeated Japan lay in feeble exhaustion, unable to rise under his own power, and for the first time, the world's best judoist was a European.

To grasp the meaning of this, imagine a team of Chinese ball players beating the tar out of the New York Yankees in the World Series; or an Australian plow horse winning the Kentucky Derby; or a basketball team of Volga boatmen making monkeys of the Harlem Globe-Trotters. If all of these unheard of events happened in one day, you might begin to feel like the Japanese felt when a flying Dutchman battered the cream of Nippon's judo crop to become the first man to beat the Japanese at their own national sport. Anton Geesink was responsible for Japan's blackest day since V-J Day. Worse, the honorable body benders of the Mikado are no longer very confident about the outcome of the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo, when judo will be included in the games for the first time. Still worse, the victory of Geesink may have affected the very nature of the sport by eliminating the little men.

Geesink, you see, is a husky brute about the size of two ordinary Japanese. A fast, ferocious, quick-thinking scrapper, he would probably exert little strain in mopping up on a squad of battle-hardened Marines while eating a sandwich in his right hand. In dominating the world contest, he powdered an Indonesian, a Frenchman, a Yugoslavian, and three Japanese—one at a time—in 17 minutes, 59 seconds. It took him



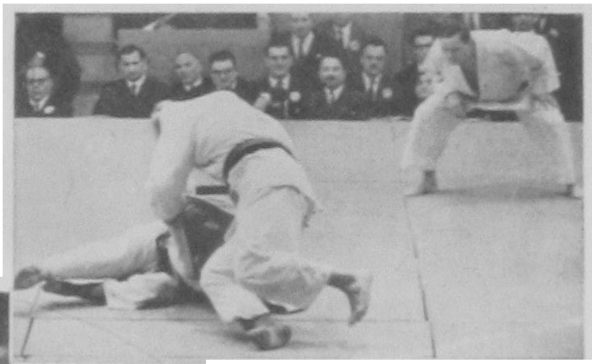
WEARING victory medallion (left), Geesink waves huge hand which he uses (below) on Japanese, Kaminaga. Tough opponent required six minutes to beat.

FLYING DUTCHMAN

By Ernie Wilson

West defeats East in final of most Asiatic of sports.

WRANGLING Japan's top judoist, Sone, Geesink competes in final match of world championship event. For over seven minutes, Dutchman encounters Herculean resistance from Sone, finds it difficult to throw his weight around. Geesink finally succeeds in upsetting opponent (above right) after seven minutes, eight seconds. He immediately pounces on downed Japanese (right) to retain upper hand. For 30 seconds, Geesink throttles Sone's efforts to surge free until he is proclaimed new world champion of judo (below). Sone, completely exhausted, has to be helped up from mat by referee.



only nine seconds to mow down the Indonesian warrior, Sudjono, who reportedly was so impressed by Geesink's stature that he did not even dare look his opponent in the face.

As a result Geesink not only flattened the contenders, he also deflated the long held judo theory that "the bigger they come, the harder they fall." He proved that skill being equal weight and strength *can* make quite a difference, and future world titles may well go to the big men.

One of Europe's best-known authorities on judo, Maurice Gruel, foresees a not too-distant day when judo meets will be ruled by hardy Russians, Americans, and Europeans. He points out that the Russian form of wrestling called "Sambo" is the same as judo, and only the clothing is different. Gruel also recognizes the growing enthusiasm for the sport in the U.S., and with skillful training of Yank athletic power, this could mean the end of Asiatic rule over judo. At least, it will signal the need for Japan to call up its breed of mighty men known as Sumo wrestlers. These are hulking mountains of muscle that bulldozers could hardly knock down, and if it means winning the Olympic gold medals, the Land of the Rising Sun will not hesitate to abandon custom to send in their judo-trained monsters against Americans and Russians.

Geesink himself has probably won his last world title. He recently announced that he is turning professional, and that will disqualify him from the Olympics. But the damage is already done. He revolutionized judo in less than 13 minutes, and it will be a long time before anyone tops that record.

modern art for men

THE OLD CLICHE that "clothes make the man" would certainly seem to apply in greater measure to women. Queen Elizabeth looks every inch a monarch when arrayed in her royal robes, but even her most devoted subjects are a bit dismayed by her resemblance to a suburban housewife when she appears in street clothes. A Moslem woman's veil lends an air of mystery and Oriental exoticism to what may very well be a much duller person than Mrs. Whosis next-door. And a pair of leotards and a tight fitting sweater can make a beatnik of a sweet young thing straight out of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*.

The point seems to be that clothes do more than conceal, they also deceive. Everyone tries to make things seem to be what they are not, and there comes a time when one is satiated with the chic deceptions of the fashion makers and the like. It is then that a stroll through MM's gallery provides a needed rest, a return to true, pristine beauty. For here is a world of women as Nature made them, not as their clothes do.

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ANTHONY DiMARCO positions curvaceous model Ann Peters in dancer's pose against austere background to produce highly stylized study. Model's distant expression helps in creating feeling of almost surrealist atmosphere.

RON VOGEL adroitly sets off rich blonde beauty of model Kathy Sharpe with neutral background, makes skillful use of time honored pose to concentrate attention on her vigorous, youthful allure. Gold pillow is employed as fitting complement for model's opulent, sensual form, adds final touch to production of truly compelling study.

ANTHONY DiMARCO, in second composition this month, makes imaginative use of flash to eliminate background, concentrate attention on elegance, refinement of Elaine Summers' beauty. Gossamer wrap, reflective pose enhance note of alluring grace, effect serenity of mood.

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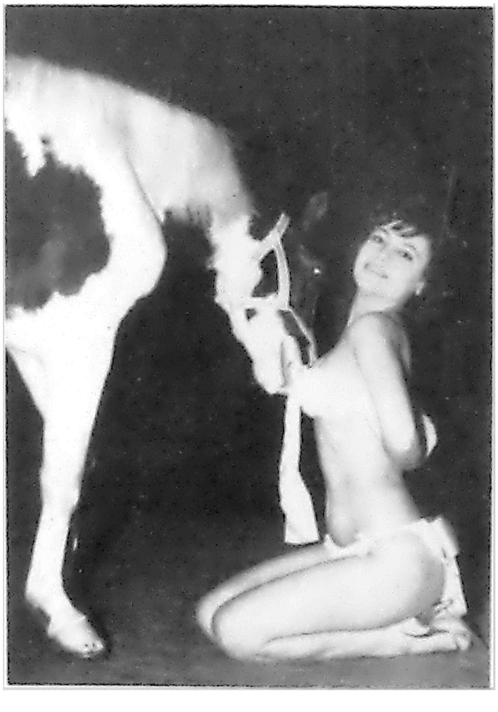
EVA GRANT combines gypsy earrings, swirling flamenco skirt with outdoor setting to lend air of exotic abandon to sultry beauty of model. Natural lighting serves to bring out rich, creamy tones of model's complexion, emphasizing flowing, sensuous lines of her luxurious form.

Modern Art for Men

By Arch Ayres

GIMMICKS in the strip tease business are as old as Sally Rand's fans. The patrons of the gentle art of dishabille have seen everything from live pigeons to fluorescent hands painted on undulating posteriors. The latest innovation, however, is a real milestone and adds new stature to the old expression "horsing around." A Parisian peeler with the unlikely monicker of Daniela la Horse has trained a swinging steed named Tarzan to undo her bra and G string with his teeth. Judging by the hand Tarzan gets for his performance, animal acts may be staging a comeback. Nonetheless, most Parisian observers feel that Daniela's own animal magnetism has more than a little to do with the act's success—which proves that the French have a lot of horse sense. ∎

Just Horsing Around



DANCING onto stage (top left), Parisian stripper Daniela la Horse is comparatively well dressed at act's start. Then, swinging steed Tarzan appears (right), sets to work helping her disrobe. Audience yells "giddap" as horse moves to next task (above).

Bringing back horse and bug-eyed era, Parisian strip tease act features shapely filly, nag with lot of horse sense.

REMOVING G string at act's climax, Tarzan uncovers fullness of Daniela's beauty to earn big hand from approving audience. Experienced strip tease handicappers rate both horse, stripper as being in top form

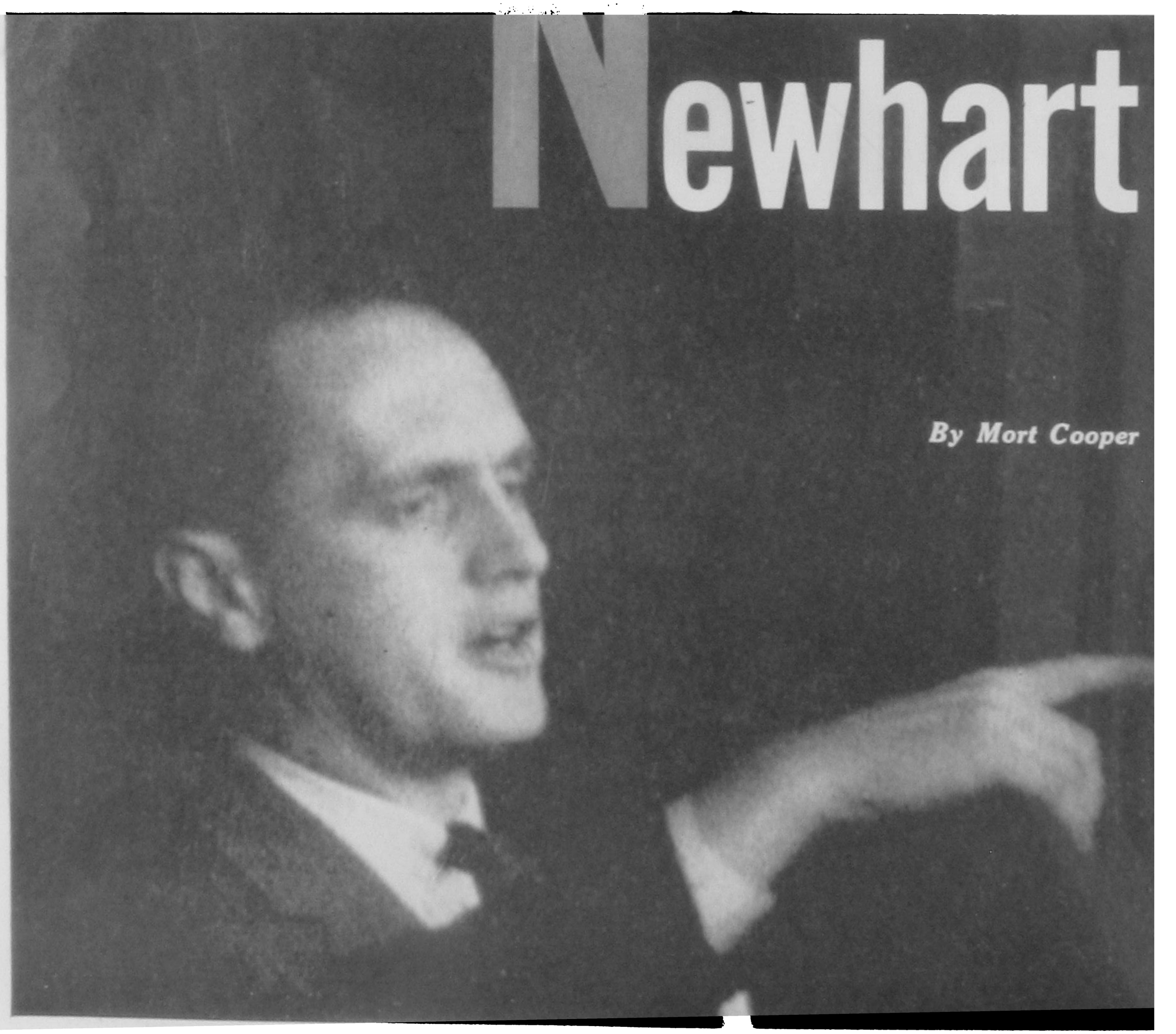
Bob Newhart

A NEW BRAND OF NUTS: Part VIII

By Mort Cooper

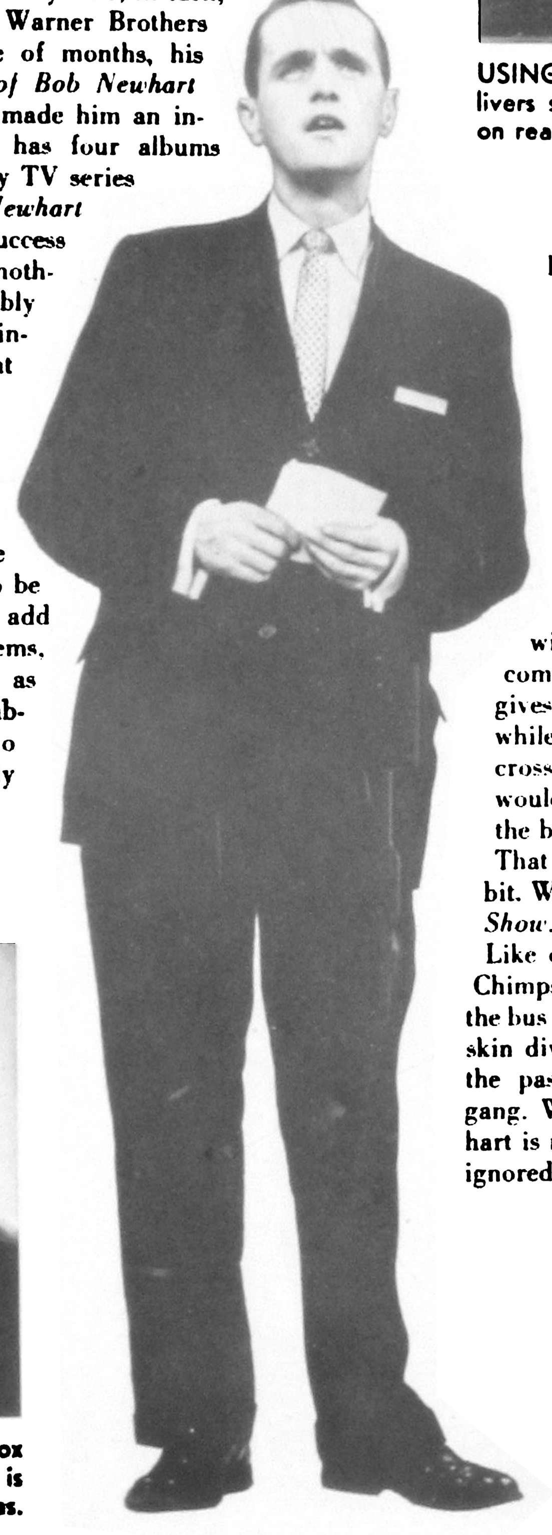
THE TERM "OVERNIGHT SUCCESS" probably angers most show business personalities who seem to have hit the jackpot with the speed of a jet. Th[illegible] the swift jackpot, but the[y] never fail to add that the[illegible] it by long hard labor, years of [illegible] and constant determination. As a rule their [illegible] water. Unless you are Fabian, or so blessed, success is a consequence of struggle, whether it comes overnight or gradually.

Bob Newhart, that balding Cinderella, refuses to join the parade of beefers. He *was* an overnight success, in the Technicolored musical sense of the phrase, and he is willing to let well enough alone.

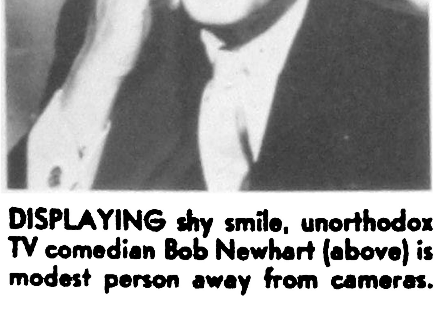


Trampling on taboos, mild-mannered ex-bookkeeper has satirized his way from obscurity to immortality.

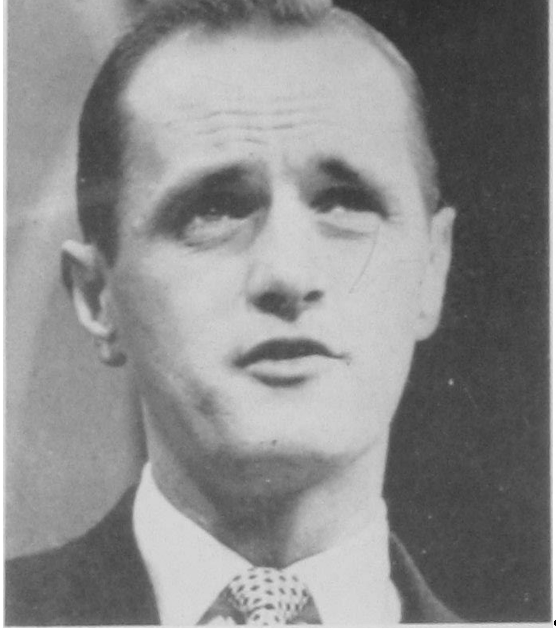
USING telephone as prop, Newhart (above) delivers satiric monologue. Comic calls to friend on real phone started him along road to fame.



In 1960, he was a salaried desk employee who interrupted the monotony by phoning a friend occasionally and amusing him with far-out monologues. The friend induced him to cut a few five minute tapes of these monologues and delivered them to a Chicago disc jockey who, in turn, brought them to the attention of Warner Brothers Records. Within the next couple of months, his album *The Button Down Mind of Bob Newhart* was placed on the market, and it made him an instantaneous celebrity. Today, he has four albums going for him, and his own weekly TV series (creatively called *The Bob Newhart Show*). If that is not overnight success in the Betty Grableized tradition, nothing is. For a young man as incredibly shy as Newhart appears to be in interviews, it is a double marvel that he has maintained his fame and, in fact, is watching it grow even higher. Amidst the new orders of comedy wherein his colleagues sell Freud and intellectuals' buffolas, he sells a low pressure satire —guaranteed by the front office to be a non-saleable commodity—and to add to that shaky gimmick, he also seems, at first impression, to carry about as much authority as a frightened rabbit. But he agreed last season to sign a contract with NBC-TV only because NBC was the one network to allow him complete say on what would go into his shows. As a result, he calls every shot every week, to the wonderment of the NBC brass, who in the past have not hesitated to issue directives to such long standing giants as Bob Hope. There were, he admits now, moments when he worried over the wisdom of his demand for autocracy. Satire is the least safe form of comedy. At times, in the beginning, he played with the idea of joining his colleagues and coming up with a solid format, the sort that gives other series impressive ratings. "For a while," he says, "we had it that I could be a cross-country bus driver and the bus trip would take 39 weeks, like *Wagon Train*. "On the bus would be my wife, who's stage-struck. That would give a little of the *I Love Lucy* bit. We'd have two kids like *The Danny Thomas Show*. The passengers would give it the zing. Like one would be the trainer of the Marquis Chimps, and they'd be in his luggage. And when the bus would stop near water my hobby would be skin diving. But the real clincher would be that the passengers are Mitch Miller's Sing-Along gang. We couldn't lose." The reason Bob Newhart is not losing these days, of course, is that he ignored the play-safe route and developed a



DISPLAYING shy smile, unorthodox TV comedian Bob Newhart (above) is modest person away from cameras.



wholly original concept. He assumes his listeners and viewers are every bit as hip as he is about the absurdities of modern living and acts accordingly in his monologues (he tends to be at his least hilarious, by the way, when he brings other actors into a routine). Thus, he strikes out at all sham, blasting it with deftly constructed burlesques. A sworn enemy of red tape, particularly the Madison Avenue brand, he might be an ad agency man giving a superior assist to Abe Lincoln on the latter's up-coming Gettysburg Address and recommending that, if the Emancipator cannot drum up another couple for bridge, he and his wife take in a play.

Or he raps a section of the Chicago police, in the form of flattery, by declaring that they have joined a band of thieves, but with supreme efficiency: "They decide to eliminate the middleman and start breaking in themselves," and even print a mail order catalogue which announces, "We will not be undersold!" Or he details the sad plight of the American nuclear submarine which

Newhart Nifties Slam Sham, Sacred Cows.

As a plainclothes policeman trying nonchalantly to coax a prospective suicide back from a high ledge: *"Hi there . . . Me? Oh, no, I'm on my way to work. I like to walk around ledges . . . You know jumping has really fallen off in the last couple of years. Oh, I didn't really mean it that way . . . Take 1929! You couldn't get out on these ledges. You had to have a little card like in a butcher shop."*

As the timid clerk saying a few words at his retirement party (his boss remembered his name only by glancing at notes): *"I've been listening to Mr. Clayton, Mr. Tipton, and, of course, Bruce, and I've never heard such drivel in my life. I had to get half gassed every morning to make it down to this crummy job. Then after 50 years, you've given me this alarm clock you call a watch. I figure your gift works out to 14 cents a year. Big deal!"*

As a griping G.I. serving in the Revolutionary War under Washington: *"Did you hear what Nutty George pulled last night? The dollar-across-the-Potomac bit. You didn't hear about that? Had us out till three in the morning looking for it. Know about Benny, Nutty George's friend with the square glasses? Heard what he does for kicks? No? Well, next time there's a thunderstorm, watch him."*

CONQUERING big time in incredibly short period, Newhart (second from left above) mixes as equal with such long established stars of comedy as Jack Benny, Gracie Allen, George Burns (l to r) at Hollywood social party.

sinks Japanese shipping—but in the mid-1950's—and then fires on Miami Beach; he, as the levelheaded commander, is willing to concede that this mission was ill-timed.

Or he plays a harassed television producer involved in filming Khrushchev's arrival in Washington. The producer shouts for "someone take that putter from Ike! And get him to shake hands with Khrushchev, not Secretary Herter!" Or he voices disapproval of the show *I Led Three Lives* and the actor portraying undercover agent Herbert Philbrick, "who used to talk to himself under his breath all the time." Newhart, detecting a certain lack of realism in the series, wishes that just once on the more than 100 episodes there could have been a cell meeting in which one Red stands and volunteers, "Say, has anyone else here (*Continued on Page* 52)

ATTRACTING artists, amateurs to Brush & Palette (above), poser Dodo Tattersall has form (below) worth painting.

Chick'n Noodles

Providing feasts for stomachs, eyes, art cafe serves nudes with menu as main dish.

By Arch Ayres

IT IS NOT UNUSUAL for a restaurant to surround diners with shapely girls in order to keep business booming; but it is unusual to surround a shapely nude with diners—all armed with paints and pencils—to promote fine art along with its fine cooking. Such is the gimmick used by a London studio-restaurant, The Brush & Palette, where the combination of food and nudes draws customers in large droves, whether they are professional painters, amateur artists, or just plain admirers of beautiful form. And one of the specialties of the house is a dish appropriately named Dodo Tattersall. Though not listed on the menu, she is highly esteemed among customers as the Palette's best bit of cheesecake. Equipped with both artistic talent and a 36-23-36 figure, Dodo works on both sides of the easel. She is a promising art student who plans a career in commercial illustration; and to finance the high cost of paints and brushes, she poses—sans smock—for the Palette's patrons, who trample each other's canvases to grab a front easel.

Dodo was first attracted to The Brush & Palette when she learned that it was a popular hangout for London's most talented artists. It offers poor, struggling paint brandishers an opportunity to draw live nudes at a fraction of the fees required by models elsewhere. Five shillings reserves an easel for an hour—opposite a model—and makes available the Palette's staff of critics and instructors. Art supplies are on sale, and the club also has framing facilities, an art library, and a gallery where pictures can be displayed and sold. Dining accommodations include morning coffee, lunches, afternoon tea, dinners, and late suppers; and there is even dancing from midnight to three a.m., for those who wish to work off the stiffness of easel perching or pose holding.

Dodo's first appearance at The Brush & Palette was a modest one: she arrived fully clothed—as a customer. As the Palette evolved into a steady social haunt for Dodo and other art students from London's Chelsea district, there also evolved a growing demand for her services as a picturesque mannequin. Often, while she perched prettily behind an easel to sketch a nude, other artists sketched her, being only too well aware of the fact that her canvas-crowding figure consisted of curves more graceful—and obvious—than those of the club's nudes. Realizing Dodo's appeal among artistic-minded patrons was not something to ignore, the Palette's proprietors offered her a modeling job.

SERVING cheesecake poses at home (left, below), restaurant's dish fills sweaters as well as canvases with her palette-able pulchritude. When not striking poses, Dodo strokes brushes in pursuit of her own artistic endeavors.

Dodo quickly calculated what the proposed wages would buy in charcoal sticks and crayons, then accepted. Now she is fast on her way to becoming one of London's most frequently pictured chicks. She enjoys the work thoroughly, having seen how her figure looks to all sorts of artists—the dedicated realists with their attention to details; the more *avant-garde* who see her as large, bold blotches; and then the scrawny, depthless lines scratched by novices too preoccupied with Dodo herself to notice what they are drawing. She does, however, have one complaint against her new-found enterprise: her posing leaves her little time for painting. But then *after all*—what could she possibly put on canvas that would be better than her own well-sculptured figure?

SITTING DOWN on job at Brush & Palette (below), Dodo works her way through art school while enthusiastic painters work up appetites. Unique studio-restaurant provides between-meal treats for un-cover charge of five shillings per hour.

DOLL OF THE MONTH

Adele Roman

FIRST IMPRESSIONS, as any man-about-women knows, are often deceiving. Take the case of our doll of this month, Adele Roman. You would hardly suspect this bountiful Briton to be a come-on for international travel, but that is exactly what she is. Some time ago, the usually staid British Travel Office figured out that England's greatest tourist attractions were not Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace, nor, bless her royal heart, even Queen Liz. With their fun-loving American cousins by-passing their little island for Paris, Copenhagen, Rome, et al, they deduced that it must be the swingin' night life of these international playgrounds that attracted the free-spending Americans.

OF COURSE, they were right and that is how Adele got into the act. Adele, you see, performs nitely at London's famed Windmill Theatre so the tourist hucksters let the word get around. It was only a matter of time before many Yankee Doodles were going to Londontown. One of the reasons why Britain will always be "Great," Adele has been the cause of the most eye-popping in England since Lady Godiva rode bareback and barechested through Coventry. Rivalling big Sabrina, big June (Wilkinson), and Big Ben as London's favorite attractions these days, Adele has had many offers, some legitimate, to come to the States. So far, she prefers Jolly Old England. Anyone for a fast boat to Britain?

DOLL OF THE MONTH

NOVI RACING'S HARD-LUCK CAR!

Jinxed at Indy, giant speedster is long on horsepower, short on luck.

By Bob Verlin

THE RACE, it is often said, always goes to the swift. Well, almost always. There are invariably exceptions to every rule and in the world of car racing, the mammoth Novi is like the proverbial hare of Aesop fable fame. Although it is generally rated as the fastest gas-eating monster ever to compete in the Indianapolis Memorial Day "500," not one Novi has ever roared across the finish line first in 16 tries.

Clocked at a fabulous 240 miles per hour on the Bonneville Salt Flats, these big, catfish-nosed bombs have constantly left their smaller, Offenhauser-powered rivals eating their dust in the qualifying rounds at the Brickyard. Establishing one track record after another during the trial runs, the Novi, with its 550 horsepower, V-8 engine invariably rates as a pre-race favorite with the railbirds and experts alike.

Yet, year after year, it has failed to win at Indy.

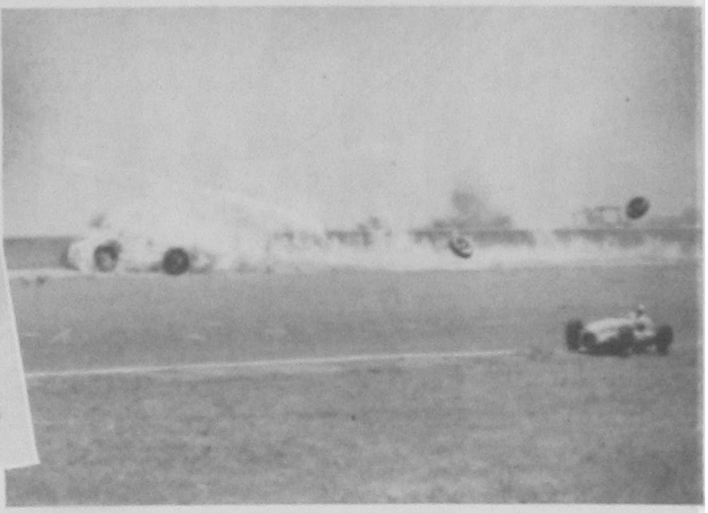
There are many theories among the car racing crowd as to why the Novi has never won the "500." Collisions, mechanical failures, blowouts all have been contributing factors. Once, a tiny air bubble in the fuel system caused the drop-out of a Novi when victory was within its grasp.

Nonetheless, these are common occurrences in the never-ending battle against time. Other cars have overcome these obstacles to win, but never the Novi. Mechanically, it has to rate as one of the best-designed speedsters in the business. Even the most avid Offenhauser enthusiast reluctantly admits that the Novi V-8 delivers 200 more horsepower than his favorite. Nor can the Novi's front wheel drive be considered the weak link since three other front drive cars have romped home first in the years that the Novi has been competing at Indy.

Furthermore, the Novi's chassis has proven its durability by surviving terrific crack-ups with only minor damages. Consequently, some experts claim it is the drivers, themselves, who fail to bring out the best in the car. This, however, hardly seems likely inasmuch as two national champions, Rex Mays and Tony Bettenhausen, were behind the

PLAGUED by his own brand of jinx, Tony Bettenhausen, sitting in Novi #27 (below), ran 15th in '57 race. Other Novi driver that year was Paul Russo, standing by #54.

Death, bad luck ride along in Novi cockpit, putting curse on juggernaut's



SLAMMING Novi #12 (left) into wall on test run for '48 race, Ralph Hepburn died instantly. Duke Nalon was luckier, he survived spectacular 1949 crash, fire (right).

wheel of a Novi in Indianapolis classics.

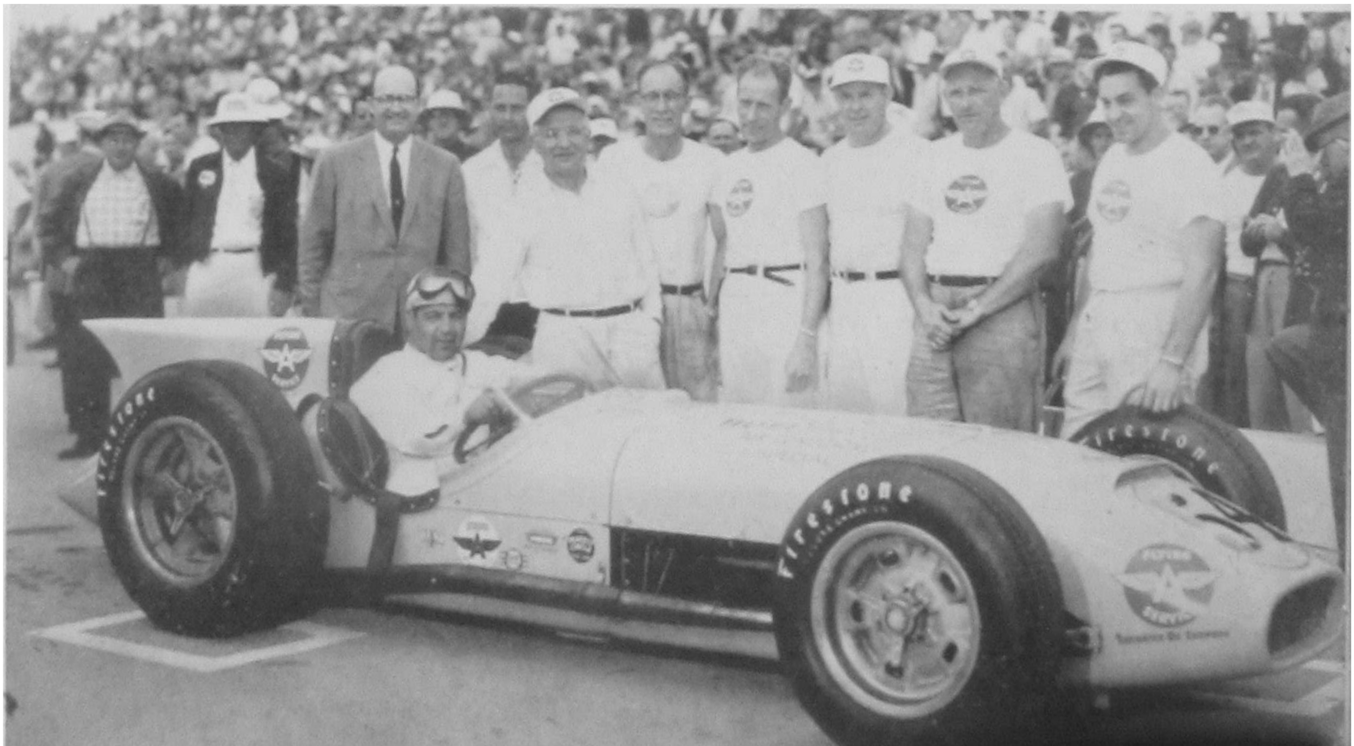
The only explanation left borders on the supernatural. There are those among the car racing gentry who seriously maintain that the capricious Lady Luck bears a grudge against the Novi. Obviously, she never smiles favorably on the big cars that race in Indy under this name.

Ironically, these juggernauts were developed for the sole purpose of winning the Indianapolis "500." It is a story of dedication and defeat of one man, Lewis Welch, a Michigan auto parts manufacturer, who spent more than $300,000 over the last 16 years in a vain effort to bring home a winner in the greatest of all car races.

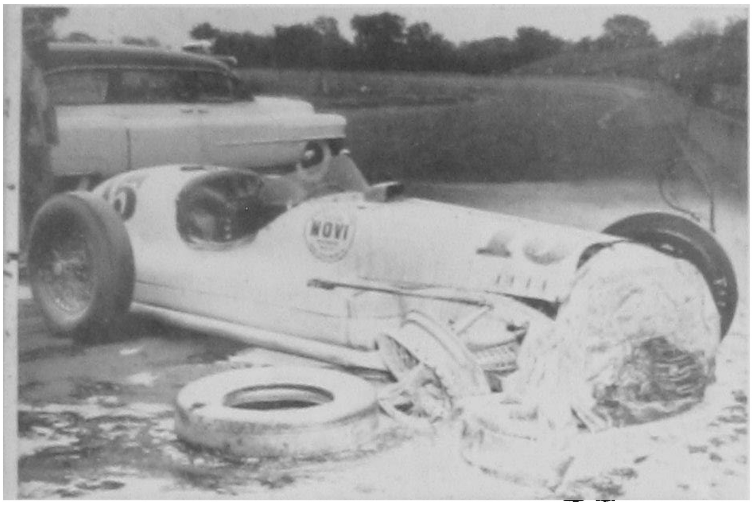
Welch began his campaign by hiring W. C. "Bud" Winfield to design a new car around the 183 cubic-inch block of dynamite which had powered the Bowes Seal Fast Special in the 1941 "500." With more than 15 years in racing, Winfield was convinced that the key to winning at Indy was on the shallowly banked turns. He knew that a front puller has a distinct advantage over rear drive cars because power can be kept on the wheels during the turns.

Three victories by front wheel drive cars prior to World War II seemed to bear out Winfield's theory and he decided to design such a car for his big V-8 engine. The result, the first Novi, had the added advantage of a lower center gravity made possible by the elimination of the crankshaft and it possessed the long, low silhouette for which the car became famous. When racing resumed at the Brickyard after the war, the Novi was ready

STEERING Novi #54 to fourth spot in 1957, Paul Russo poses with owner Lew Welch (in suit), pit crew.



long drive for checkered flag.



TURNING practice laps at 139 mph in Novi #15 before '53 race at Indy, veteran driver Chet Miller lost his life when big car (above) crashed into wall on south turn.

Its debut was impressive. Piloted by veteran driver Ralph Hepburn, the novice Novi more than lived up to expectations in the qualifying runs, averaging nearly 134 mph on ten laps—five miles per hour faster than any other car entered. It was a record that stood for four years. The smart money was on Novi, and the race seemed to be all over except for the shouting.

On the big day, Hepburn brought his wheeled bomb out fast, hurtling it down the long straightaways at 180 mph, its front wheels chewing into the track. Within 12 laps, the sizzling Novi had passed at least 20 cars and was leading the field by a full half-minute when Hepburn roared into the pit for fuel and a tire change. The pit crew discovered a leaking brake line and it was five laps and six minutes before the big car was back on the track, tearing around the turns at 120 mph. By the halfway mark, Hepburn had moved back up to fifth and was roaring around the laps at 124 mph compared with the 115 of the front runners. The Novi moved to fourth and was gaining fast when Lady Luck made her first appearance on the scene. A piston and connecting rod suddenly shattered into bits of worthless metal and with them were shattered Welch's hope for that year. It was the first failure, but not the last.

That winter, the big car was taken to California and fitted out with a streamlined cockpit canopy. In trial runs on the dry lake beds of Southern California, it was clocked at a fantastic 220 mph. With these encouraging tests, owner Welch was more than ever convinced that Winfield had designed a winning car and he backed up the construction of a second Novi car so that the team would have two entries in the 1947 event.

The second car proved to be a worthwhile investment, but it never brought home the brass ring. Cliff Bergere, a 50-year-old former stunt man, who still holds the record for competitive miles at Indianapolis with 6,565 of them, had to forsake his own car which had been disabled at the 150 mile mark when the bearings burned out. He took over the twin Novi from driver Herb Ardinger and stormed from 14th to a fourth place finish.

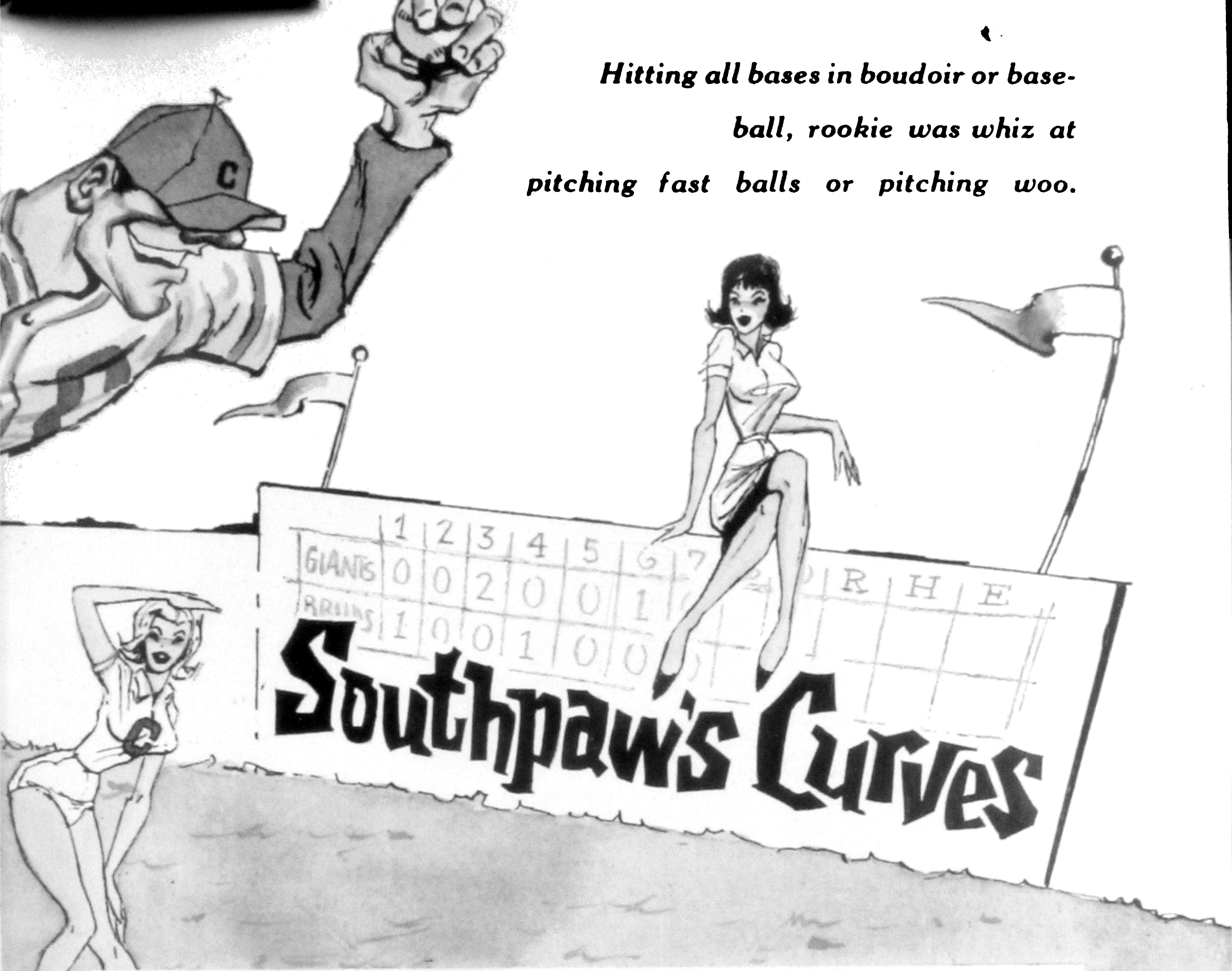
Disappointment was beginning to affect the Novi camp by 1948 so that when Cliff, who had spun the Novi in practice the previous year without damage, spun it again, damaging it slightly, Bergere decided to quit.

Ralph Hepburn then rejoined the Novi team to take Cliff's place and just two days later he was turning practice laps at 128 mph. On one such practice run he was taking the Novi into the northeast turn when the rear began to wiggle nervously. In the fraction of a second that it took to correct the trouble, the left front wheel churned into the infield grass. With lightning (*Continued on Page 55*)

STYMIED in 1959 by mechanical difficulties, Novi (left) is cause of concern to mechanic Marcenac, driver Russo. Team (above) gives up, ships cars back to West Coast.

FICTION

Hitting all bases in boudoir or baseball, rookie was whiz at pitching fast balls or pitching woo.



Southpaw's Curves

By Chet Vonier

SCREWBALLS AND HOT DOGS, baseball's special tag for show-offs, have been around as long as the game has been played. In my day, I've seen them all come and go—Lefty Gomez, Rabbit Maranville, Dizzy Dean, Nick Atrock—but there was never any one who wore spikes quite like Rube Timberlake. You won't find Timberlake's name in the record books, he was only up in the majors for about a year, yet he did establish a record of some sort. Only his record had to do with dames more than no-hit games.

Most baseball players' nicknames are the direct result of some characteristic that catches the eye of the sports writing guys or a rival bench jockey. Timberlake was no exception. Not too long after he arrived at the Chicago Bruins' spring training camp in Sarasota, the boys hung the moniker of "Studs" on him. That should give you some sort of idea about what kind a guy Timberlake was.

Somewhere between Class C and the major leagues, Timberlake had discovered sex and as long as he was with our club, he pursued it as though he were afraid it was about to be declared unconstitutional.

(*Continued on Page 50*)

southpaw's curves

(Continued from Page 49)

From the minute Timberlake joined our club, I knew he'd be a headache. Not that I didn't have enough that year—a sore arm pitching staff, "no-hit, good field" infield, "good hit, no field" outfield were just a few of my problems. As the manager of the Bruin's, all I needed was a sex-mad southpaw.

The rigors of spring training are hardly conducive to boy-girl fooling around, but Timberlake managed remarkably well inspite of my watching him like a hawk-eye. His tastes were broad, if you'll excuse the pun, anything from plump to skinny, tall or short, blonde, brunette, or redhead. It didn't matter as long as they were female.

Timberlake was short for a pitcher, only 5' 6", but he was wide-shouldered and barrel-chested with a lean waist. Casey Davis, one of our scouts, had uncovered him playing with an industrial team in Gadsden, Alabama, and signed him for our Class C farm club in Evansville, Indiana. Timberlake showed a lot of stuff at Evansville and when our Class A club in Pennsylvania needed a pitcher, Timberlake got the call. Bob Patrick, our manager there, reported that he had a better-than-average fast ball, a fair slider and a change-up with a big, slow curve. He finished the season with a good 10 and 2 record, which was pretty good for a rookie in that league so when the next season started I had him called up to our camp for a look.

A bullet-headed youngster with close-cropped sandy hair, hard blue eyes, and thin straight lips, Timberlake walked with cockiness that bordered on insolence. I didn't like him the minute he walked into camp, but if he could win 10 games for me, I'd be willing to pitch Adolf Hitler. Les Geiger, who covered baseball for the Chicago Enquirer and who made a hobby of dialects, said that Timberlake probably came from the Ozarks. The pitcher himself was pretty close-mouthed and if anybody asked him where he hailed from, he just replied, "down yonder."

On the field, he was just as quick. Nerveless on the mound he was able to bear down with men on bases and he was, by far, the most promising rookie in camp. By the time we had completed the spring circuit he was getting a good play from the baseball writers. If he read the papers, it didn't affect his playing any. Les Geiger voiced the opinion that it was because he couldn't read.

Certainly, Timberlake's conversation seemed to give the impression that he never read anything but French postcards. His discourses ran the gamut of three subjects—sex, baseball, and sex and he was always willing to forget the outdoor athletics for the indoor variety. It was whispered around the locker room that Timberlake wasted little time in subtleties or preliminaries when stalking his favorite game. If the bold, direct question earned him frequent slaps in the kisser, it also seemed to succeed astonishingly well in other cases.

Nothing much happened as long as "Studs" confined his attentions to the town girls around the circuit. But when big Tim Donahue, our first sacker, slugged Timberlake for making a play for young Mrs. Donahue, and Enrique Lujan, our Venezuelan shortstop, pulled a knife on Timberlake in a dispute over a gal that Enrique was serious about, I decided to haul "Studs" on the carpet.

"Listen kid," I snarled, "we don't need any Don Juans on this club. We brought you to camp to see if you could do a job of pitching for us. You still have a chance to stick if you quit making like a rabbit in heat and start being a ball player. Otherwise, I'll send you so far back in the bushes that you'll have to hitchhike between towns."

Timberlake tried to bluster and then to alibi, but I wasn't listening. All I said was: "Those two fights in the clubhouse are going to cost you fifty bucks apiece out of your first paycheck."

"Studs" also drew a tight curfew that must have cramped his style severely, but he behaved himself pretty well and buckled down to his pitching. He listened to Pete Nesbitt, our pitching coach, and Pete was real high on him before we broke camp to work our way north playing exhibition games. "Studs" was carried along.

The Bruins opened the season against Los Angeles in Chevez Ravine. "Studs" started the third game, but two infield errors with men on base lost the game for him. He won his next four, and by the end of the month we were riding comfortably in third place, just four games off the pace.

Los Angeles is a pretty big town, and with all those movie-struck gals there Timberlake had plenty of scope for his hobby. Our only evidence, of course, was Timberlake's own testimony, which was downright clinical. He noted with delight that the subject seemed to embarrass Johnny Kimball, our second baseman, acutely, and he began to address all his remarks to him. The boys felt sorry for Johnny, who was a nice, clean-minded kid. Besides, they were getting a little tired of listening to "Studs" on the subject. Even sex can get to be a pretty monotonous topic of conversation, especially if one guy is doing all the talking.

"Shut up!" Tim Donahue told Timberlake once. "You'd think you were the guy that invented dames. Somebody ought to wash out your mouth—with soap, or maybe a good punch in the teeth."

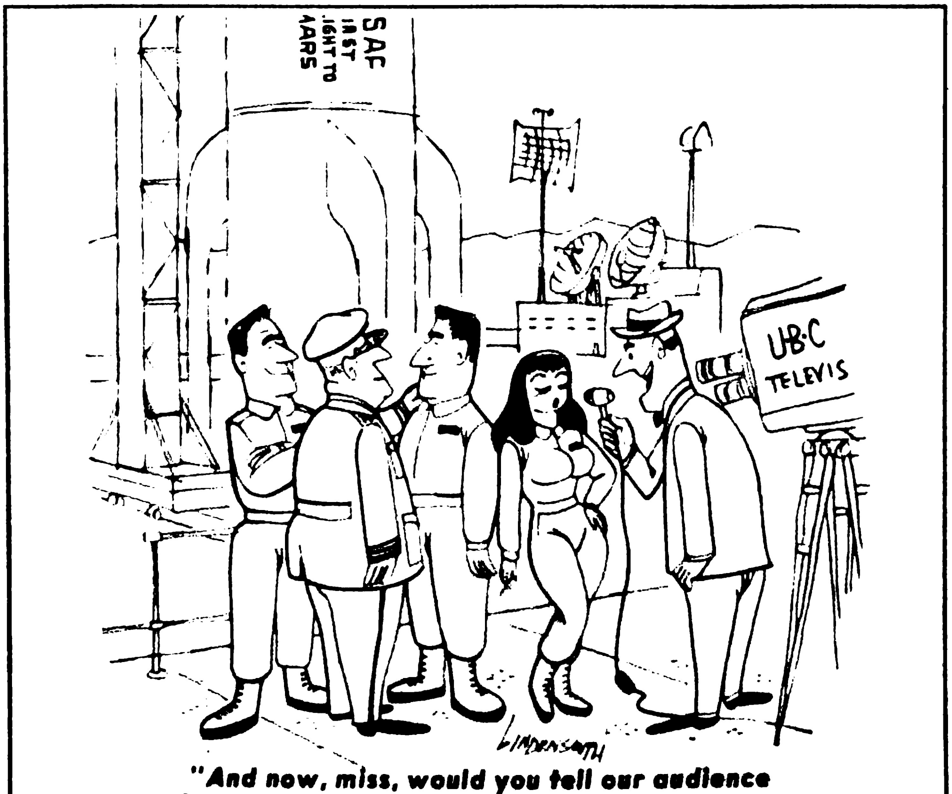
"Yeah?" Studs countered insolently, but he went no further. He had tangled with Donahue once before, and wanted no more of him. He did stop sounding off for a while. He wasn't popular, but the rest of the club didn't carry their dislike onto the field, and "Studs" kept winning better than his share of the games. The Bruins climbed to second place, only two games from the top, and everybody was feeling pretty good about it.

Then Bitsy Clarke, our third baseman, got badly cut up by the spikes of a man sliding into third, trying to stretch a double. The doctor said he'd be out for a couple of weeks at least. We called up a kid named Larry Golden to take his place. Golden brought along his wife, a kind of cute little blonde chick, but scatter-brained as they come. She was a small town girl, and Chicago awed her. She was thrilled because her husband was playing in the big leagues and more than a little embarrassed by her small town ways against the smartness of some of the other wives. She tried to hide it with a forced gaiety, and flirted mildly with other players. Nobody took her seriously—nobody, that is, except "Studs" Timberlake. He set out in pursuit with single-minded purpose.

Golden, preoccupied with trying to hold on with the club, didn't seem to notice, but the other men did. Ordinarily, they would have said nothing, figuring that it was a man's job to look out for his own household but it seemed a little different with Timberlake, and they were sorry for Golden.

"Listen kid," one of the older men cautioned him quietly. "You want to watch that Timberlake around your wife. He's no wolf—he's a sabre-toothed tiger when it comes to women."

"Aw, Marge wouldn't let anything like that happen," Golden protested. "She act-



"And now, miss, would you tell our audience just what your duties will be in outer space?"

[redacted] she's really only a kid. But she's square. She's got too much sense to fall for a loudmouth like Timberlake."

"Just the same, watch him!"

Golden did watch. He saw Timberlake survey her boldly when she came to a game; saw him wave to her nonchalantly on his way to the dugout. And if Marge's answering wave didn't look enthusiastic, it was nevertheless a wave. When he mentioned Timberlake at home, he thought she acted a little nervous, dismissing the subject with a careless, "Oh, him!" Maybe a shade too careless.

Golden caught up with "Studs" on the way out of the ball park.

"I want you to stay away from my wife, Timberlake!" he blurted.

"What's that you say, boy?" "Studs" asked in mock surprise. "What you gettin' all heated up about?"

"My wife wants you to stay away from her!"

"Studs" lit a cigarete, blowing the smoke at Golden.

"She say that, sho' nuf?"

"Yes she did!"

"Well, dog my cats"! "Studs" drawled insolently. "Why, I wouldn't hurt yo' wife, boy. I like yo' wife. She's a right nice little filly."

Blindly angry, Golden started a swing at "Studs," who caught his arm, then rapped the back of his other hand against Golden's cheek, and shoved him aside roughly.

"Studs'" eyes were cruel and his mouth harsh as he stepped back.

"I ain't aimin' to fight you. I got other things to do. But you jus' keep mindin' you' business and don't try to mess none with mine. Understand?"

He brushed by Golden, who stood burning with humiliation, watching him go.

A man can't play third base and try to watch his wife, all at the same time. He made two errors the next time he played back of Timberlake, and it cost the Bruins the game. It's a funny thing how something like that will affect a club. Not only Golden, but the whole team seemed to go to pieces. The next road trip was a nightmare. When they came back for a long home stand, they were in fourth place and just an eyelash out of second division.

Only Timberlake seemed unaffected by the general jitters; in the pinches he would go for strikeouts. Maybe he was the best pitcher in either league about that time, but as good as he was, he couldn't win them all alone. The Bruins kept on losing.

Getting rid of Timberlake might cure the dissension, but the front office and the fans very likely would demand my scalp for even suggesting such a move. To all appearances, "Studs" was the only man on the club doing a job, and I wasn't about to let the mess get into the papers.

I began a long series of telephone calls, mostly to South looking for help. But it wasn't baseball players that I wanted now—it was information. I had a shrewd hunch, and I called everyone I knew who could possibly give me a clue to what I was after. At last I got what I wanted. It took one more call to wrap it up, and I was able to sit back to wait for just a few more hours.

"Studs" was surprised to find me affable and full of good humor when he walked into my office in response to a summons.

"Sit down, kid," I invited. "I called you in to tell you how much I appreciate the way you've been working when the club's been going sour on me. You've been throwing great ball, and I'll tell you confidentially that I'll put in with you for a good, fat raise on your next contract."

"Well gee, Boss, thanks," Timberlake stammered, nonplussed by the sudden surge of good will. Most of his other visits had resulted in sharp reprimands or even fines.

"Now you go on and keep on doing the way you've been doing, and maybe we can pull this out of the fire yet."

"I sure will, boss," he promised fervently as he rose to leave.

"By the way, Studs," I went on. "I wonder if you could do a little favor for me—or rather for my wife."

"Sure, sure."

"I don't like to ask it. I know you've got your own friends. But it's this way. There's a girl my wife knows, and it seems she's quite a fan of yours. According to my wife, this girl is crazy to meet you, and she—my wife, that is—made me promise to ask you."

It was a gambit that Studs couldn't refuse.

"Of course, any time," he responded eagerly.

"Tonight?"

"Any time," he repeated.

"I'll see you after the game and we'll go to the house for dinner O.K.?"

"Studs" nodded a quick assent.

When he entered our home that evening, he recoiled in shock and horror. A tall girl rose to meet him—a girl as tall as he and almost as broad. Her eyes brightened with happiness, and her lips parted in a broad grin.

"Gawge, honey!" she cried, and threw her stout arms around "Stud's" neck.

"Why Lily—Lily Mae," he stammered, when he could catch his breath, "wh-wh-what you doin' here?"

"Oh, these folks brung me," Lily replied.

"Studs" shot a piteous glance at me.

"Whatever happened to make you skedaddle away from yo' bride like you done, honey? Paw sho was mad. I bet he like to cut you up into mincemeat ef'n he coulda found you right then."

Lily Mae laughed merrily at the thought.

"But ev'ything's gonna be all right now, ain't it, honey, now we're together again. Paw's here with me, you know."

"Studs" shuddered.

"I promised these nice folks that you wouldn't go gallivantin' after no more fancy women, now that you got me to take care of you," she told him with a fond hug that made him grunt.

"Paw promised 'em, too," she added significantly.

The dinner, as far as "Studs" was concerned, was a nightmare, but Lily Mae made plans for their joint future happily.

I smiled on them benevolently when Lily Mae shepherded her newly-found husband out of the door.

It seemed to cheer the entire club when news of my coup got around.

"I just figured that a guy that was as crazy about women as that kid must have been trapped pretty early" I explained. "And he wouldn't say where he came from. When the club started going to pieces, I just started to poke around, and sure enough, I came up with Lily Mae. And her paw."

The Bruins came back with a rush. They cinched the pennant in early September and took the series, four out of five.

I wish I could report that Lily Mae had made "Studs" a better ball player than ever, as well as a better man. But somehow the fire had gone out of him, and with it, the zip on his fast one.

By the middle of the next season, he was waived out of the league and was back in the minors. The last time we heard anything of "Studs," he was back in the Ozarks, working in a sawmill.

Lily Mae's paw it seems, is foreman of the mill.

"What makes you think I'm that kind of girl, honey?"

new brand of nuts—bob newhart

(*Continued from Page 38*)

noticed that whenever we assign Philbrick to anything, we all get arrested?"

Bob insists he not be categorized as a satirist because he would like just a little room left in the vast family of new comedians to be merely funny. This is a noble request but unsupported by the fact. Whether or not he is playing a complicated game of tag, he *is* a satirist, and one of the best. The moment that flat Midwestern twang emanates from his mouth, he satirizes. His target is American values, or the frequent lack of them, and we often need a little time to realize he is kicking hell out of us because his approach is so deceptively gentle.

In comedy's most apologetic voice, he announces that Mapleton, that terribly chummy little town, is in desperate debt, and the only way to make it solvent again is to summon a traffic expert who might know how to arrange a highway speed trap. He becomes that expert and goes right to work. He recommends to the City Council that the sign reading, "Welcome to Mapleton" be enlarged five times, the better to conceal a squad car and four motorcycle policemen. His stroke of genius is not far behind: "Get another car or have judges ride piggyback on motorcycles, so that the motorist can conveniently pay and go."

Agreeing that drivers might occasionally get into trouble without his encouraging assistance, he comes up with a clutch of helpful ideas. "We can install a traffic light," he enthuses, "that will stay red long enough to convince motorists that it is defective." He then plans an additional sign, planted at the head of a long curve leading into town, which sets the speed limit at 65. "Exactly 60 yards away," he chuckles fiendishly, "there'll be another sign saying, 'Slow to 30.' If anyone makes it, we can get him for squealing his brakes in a hospital quiet zone."

Newhart tops himself when he portrays a timid soul timidly raising havoc with the status quo. As a seemingly beaten down teacher addressing the local PTA, he whines, "I want to thank the parents for turning out in record numbers at the polls to defeat the raise in teachers' salaries, in favor of a new students' parking lot . . . The faculty has decided to do away with corporal punishment this year, so please tell your children to lay off the teachers . . ."

Questions rise from the PTA floor and he is ready with the replies: "You're concerned about some of the things you've seen written on the blackboards? Well, we try ah to be philosophical about these things. At least they're writing. Our hope is that in later years they'll use some of these same letters to spell a few different words."

Bob's best routines are those which start with a perfectly logical thesis and gradually develop into wild-eyed insanity. In discussing the international situation, he admits to "a deadly fear that the next crisis won't be caused by diplomats but by tourists," not too goofy a fear if you have traveled abroad and spotted some of the noisy visitors whose ever-present coat of arms is the camera. As such a traveler in one sketch, Bob quickly incurs the wrath of the natives who overhear him by hollering, "Well, Marthy, you wanted to see Vienna. What a nothin' city this turned out to be!" He tries to communicate with the townspeople by reading atrociously from his foreign language guidebook; they do not understand him, in no small part because he is reading French. In disgust he bellows, "You'd think with all the money we're sendin' over, they'd speak English."

Suddenly he spies Nikita Khrushchev across the street and hurries over to introduce himself and his wife. "Marthy and I seen you on television," he ventures. "What the hell do you want with West Berlin anyway? We been there. It's not that hot." He explains cheerfully that he is in the used car business and adds with a fatuous guffaw, "You don't sell used cars, I won't interfere in diplomacy." He then gets a brilliant idea: "Hey, Nikki, mind if I get a picture of you and Marthy?" He recommends a gag picture: "I'll tell you what. How about you kinda bendin' Marthy over a little?" He concedes that his missus is no prize, but it will be fun if the dictator pretends to be Valentino. "The folks back home won't believe it," he jubilantly maintains.

Our traveler tells his wife to hand their baby over to Mr. K. for a special shot and must say a minute later, "Oh, Jeez, I'm sorry. Honey, you got a towel or somethin'?" A better idea strikes him: before Marthy changes the baby, he suggests she take the camera and shoot a picture of "me and Nikki arm wrestling. It'll be great. I'll hang it up in the used car lot." Evidently Khrushchev agrees, because soon the tourist mutters, "Let me win," as he breathes heavily. The premier refuses, going at the game in dead earnest.

"Watch out, you're gonna break somethin' there!" the tourist yelps, and in the Newhartian hall of horrors we suspect that the delicately cordial relations between West and East have abruptly ended in cold anger. "What're you?" he screams. "Some kind of Commy nut?"

Newhart's skits are not always this actively violent, though violence of one sort or another is implicit in each satire. One such grew in his far-seeing mind when he read that 20 per cent of the population in the United States moves every year. He became an instructor of professional movers and addressed them with a lesson in organized mayhem which began, "This home we're standing in front of—you notice how slowly and carefully the van comes. That's because it's empty. Remember: always arrive a few hours early or a few hours late. I prefer the early hours," he states and proceeds to show why. He hits the van's horn and the lady who expects to start moving within the next two hours anxiously pops her head through the upstairs window. "Quite a sight, isn't she at five A.M.?" he giggles.

The course of the sketch has him instructing his men in every conceivable method of doing the most damage to the lady and her home. "Be sure to step *over* the welcome mat," he advises. "We don't want to waste any mud on that." He reminds them that any item with a sticker on it is to be moved, and informs them that they have overlooked a case of empty soda pop bottles under the kitchen sink; a sticker, naturally, should be affixed to each bottle. He lectures them on how to handle precious items, "or, as we call it, playing catch."

Under his demonic tutelage, the men pack everything not tacked down into their barrels, including the lady of the house who has long since fainted. We gather that one of the movers is worried about whether this has made their instructor mad. "No, I'm not mad," he smilingly replies in the best of humor. "After all, she *did* have a sticker."

As to be expected, NBC received an avalanche of letters from movers and movers-employees, protesting this slur against their hard trade, and the usual threats of reprisals were issued. The history of TV reveals that as little as a year ago sponsors blanched and vowed to mind their manners if *two* letters came in objecting to the less than respectful treatment afforded any specific group. As a result, comedy shows on TV are still irritatingly bland, as they must be if absolutely nothing short of double pneumonia is to be offended. It is to Newhart's credit that he has stuck by his original guns and will not permit anyone to tell him what goes or will not go on his series.

In comparing his good luck of freedom, he recalls with a shiver the sad tale of a friend of his, a television director. "While making the TV show *The Moon and Sixpence* with Sir Laurence Olivier," Bob relates of his friend, "one of those in charge of the artistic integrity of the production had been told, 'Look, this story line is pretty rough. You can't just have Olivier say, "The hell with it," walk out on his family and settle down in Paris to paint and live with some sexy looking Parisienne. It's like we're condoning desertion. Could the rest of his family just get killed in an auto accident and his sorrow is so great he paints as an outlet?'

"The production man under pressure had objected: 'The story line has already been laid out by a writer named Somerset Maugham. I don't think he'd like it if we changed it.' But the viewers-with-alarm kept trying. Anyhow, they begged, 'At the end, when he gets leprosy, you're not actually going to show *that* on television, are you?' The answer to that was, 'But the guy died of leprosy. He got leprosy and he couldn't paint any more.' The solution suggested was, 'Couldn't he just get t.b. and be coughing all the time so he can't paint?'"

Thirty-two-year-old Newhart recoils at this brand of fatheadedness and believes it is not greatly different from the fatheadedness which goes into the tests given by many

corporation personnel departments in order to come up with "desirable young executive material." "What they're looking for," he says with displeasure, "is a guy who doesn't get out of line, who dresses conservatively, whose wife is compatible with the wives of the other executives—in short, a guy who thinks and reacts like a flat line on a graph. What knocks me out is that when they give one of those tests to the president of the corporation, he invariably flunks it. The president is usually a maverick. He's the one who thinks the unconventional thoughts that make the company grow."

The inherently serious Newhart, whose "Same to you, fella!" has become every bit as famous as TV's two other memorable catch phrases—"Well, I'll be a dirty bird!" and "And awayyy-yy we go!"—is quick to admit that he is still dazzled by his sudden success, or, for that matter, any success. Born on Chicago's West Side, he came out of the Army in 1954 and earned a Bachelor of Science degree at Loyola University. There were two more uneventful years of law study at Loyola, followed by a bevy of dismal jobs from shoe clerk to copywriter, from State Unemployment Department staff member to accountant.

When his ad-lib tapes were brought to the attention of Warner Brothers Records, he was settled depressingly in one such anonymous job. The company arranged for him to open as a comic in a Houston, Texas, night spot, where it taped his routines and the laughs and applause that greeted them. Those routines formed an album called *The Button Down Mind of Bob Newhart* which three months after pressing had sold a fantastic 212,000 copies. On the basis of speed alone, there has been no show business success story to match it.

If there is any irony in Bob's story, it is that he, a lifelong foe of the individuality-destroying Organization, is now a participant in the Organization himself. He must deal off the air and away from the clubs and concert halls with a battery of advisors and aides, and he is dismayed by the realization that he is no longer entirely his own man. "That's one of the reasons I haven't married yet," he says. "I'm afraid to fall in love, raise a family, and then have to be on tour away from them. It would kill me inside. I think I'd give up show business if it hurt that bad." Then he cautions, "I don't know if I could get away with it—giving it up, I mean. Too many people involved now."

Fans wish him the best of continued good personal mental health, but they are not about to part company with the surest satirist yet to come down the television pike. Where else, for instance, would they be able to sit in on a London home office man's scoffing of Sir Walter Raleigh and his nutty Virginia leaf? As the Londoner, Bob Newhart becomes mountingly incredulous as he hears Raleigh's explanation by phone. "You can chew it, stuff it in a pipe, put it in a little piece of paper, roll it up and stick it in your lips?" asks Bob patiently. "Okay, then what do you do with it? You set fire to it? And then what happens, Walt? You breathe in the smoke?"

This is broad comedy at its most unyieldingly civilized level, made more effective because it makes its telling point about non-imagination in high places within the arena of wackiness.

top man on the trophy pole

(*Continued from Page 7*)

contributes the four-foot trophy each year and the presentation dinner is attended by over a hundred of the country's best known sportsmen.

The average gent who journeys off to Africa or India for a go at the major fauna ranges is well over the half-century mark. But Elgin Gates claims to be 38, could pass for 28, and looks as if he were ready for a go in a prize ring somewhere. He stands six feet, one-and-a-half inches, weighs an exceedingly muscular 185 lbs., has a cold blue eye, hair as curly and black as a Dempsey and the jaw of a fighting man. He first earned his niche in the sports hall of fame by hanging up the astounding total of 26 national and international speedboat records, piloting his own craft powered by the Mercury motors which he peddles up and down the West Coast all the way to Alaska. His performance was so consistently good that silver loving cups and assorted trophies are tucked away in every nook and cranny of his home.

Elgin Gates' father, Jim Gates, is also an enthusiastic hunter. Now 69, the father accompanied his gunning offspring to Mozambique a couple of years ago. He shot the big stuff while Elgin concentrated on bringing down the record Nyala, kudu and sable. Jim Gates taught his cub early in life the goodness of the rifled tube. Before he was 10, Elgin had collected all the marksmanship qualification medals. He downed his first deer at 13, and he grew to manhood hunting varied game all over the West.

Came the war, and Elgin joined the Air Corps at the advanced age of 18-plus. He quickly rose to the rank of lieutenant via the OCS route, and almost as quickly found himself in India flying the dangerous supply route, over "The Hump" to China. As if that were not enough excitement, young Gates found time to get in more than his share of hunting in game-rife India.

The war finished, Gates set up shop in Needles, California, where he invested his savings in a sporting goods store. Hunting and racing outboards occupied his spare time. Three years later he moved to Seattle and there accepted the distributorship of Mercury outboards, his territory extending up and down the northwestern coast to Alaska. "Contacts with dealers in Alaska really paid off in good hunting," Elgin grinned as he recollected those days. "It was then that I got in my best shooting up in the land of the sourdough." Later, he moved back to California and has been there since.

In the Gates hacienda is a gargantuan 70 x 40 foot trophy room which holds 147 selected heads from around the world. Game critters in India, Kashmir, Nepal, Pakistan, Iran, The Congo, French Equatorial Africa, Ethiopia, Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, Mozambique, Mexico, and Alaska have felt the sting of the Gates' lead. He believes he has probably shot 500 game animals altogether. He has gotten all the spiral-horned game (kudu, sitatunga, bongo, bushbuck, etc.) and he has made the "Grand Slam" on our North American sheep, taking the Dall, Stone, Bighorn, and Desert species.

But all this gunning—even the world records taken here and abroad, the "Grand Slam" on North American sheep, and the collection of all the spiral-horned game—all this shrinks into insignificance by comparison with his latest and by far most fantastic feat, the taking of the *Ovis Poli* sheep. This is what Gates says about it:

"Deep in the heart of Asia, where the Himalaya, Karakoram, and Hindu Kush ranges converge, stands the stupendous mountain of Godwin Austin, sometimes called K-2. It is eternally snowcapped, rises to 28,280 feet. Few men have looked at this awesome mountain, and fewer still have lived to tell about it.

"Ninety miles to the north as the crow flies there is a high pass called Chapchingal. The men who have been there could be counted on the fingers of one hand. From the top of this 20,600 foot pass, one can look into Red China. To the south lies Hunza and Pakistan; to the west is Afghanistan and the Soviet Universal State. The valley going down into Red China is called Taghdumbash. This is the home of the mighty *Ovis Poli*.

"Shrouded in mystery and legend, the very existence of these great sheep is sometimes doubted. Yet they do exist, in an incredibly barren land, at an average altitude of 16,000 feet. Their habitat is called Bamidunya, the 'Roof of the World.' Marco Polo, the greatest traveler of all time, first discovered the sheep, and they are named for him.

"The first sportsman to shoot the *Ovis Poli* was an Englishman, St. George Littledale. In 1888, after great hardships, he approached the hunting grounds from the Russian side of the Pamirs.

"But since entry from the USSR side was out of the question, Herb Klein and I determined to go in from the Pakistan flank. This we did and ultimately ended up in the tiny country of Hunza."

This is what Herb Klein, a great huntsman himself and the first winner of the Outstanding Sportsman award, has to say about the little known principality of Hunza:

"Ruled by the Mir of Hunza, this Lilliput kingdom is one of the smallest monarchies in the world. Only 60 miles in length and in some places but four miles in width, you simply do not pack your suitcase and fly away to Hunza. The nearest our old DC-3

(*Continued on Next Page*)

trophy pole

(Continued from Page 53)

aircraft could place us was in Gilgit, some 120 miles short of the Hunza capitol. We reached Baltit from Gilgit via horseback. The road was so bad even jeep travel was out of the question. The trip of 120 miles required five hard days."

Says Gates: "After discussion with the Mir, it was decided that I would hunt up a remote valley called the Khunjerab. This decision made, I hastily gathered my gear. The Mir gave me four of his personal men, one the schoolteacher, who spoke English. I said goodby to Herb and John Coapman, not knowing for sure when I would see them again. They were preparing to start up the Shimsal the next morning.

"The first day we marched 25 miles to Khaibar, walking across the glaciers and rock slides. There was six inches of fresh snow. The next evening we pulled into Sost, exhausted; but we spent half the night recruiting men. By nine a.m. next day, we had reached the mouth of the great valley of Khunjerab. From this point we had a march of 65 miles to the Chinese border. I checked the altitude here, and it was 10,400 feet.

"From this point, the way was pure torture. We would climb steep cliffs, sometimes hand over hand for a thousand feet, then be forced to descend to the river bed again. I was in the best physical condition of my life, but had it not been for the previous weeks of walking and climbing, it would have been impossible for me. When we rolled into Wad Khun in a total of 14 hours, we had crossed 23 miles of the most difficult going I have ever seen.

"When we awoke the next morning, there was a blizzard on, but we left as soon as it was light enough to see. We crossed the Wad Khun pass, 14,000 feet elevation, and the next morning we reached Bara Khun, where the elevation is only 12,000 feet. There was more fresh snow, and it continued throughout the day. If nothing happened, we'd be at Kuksell on the evening of the third day, having done something over 65 miles, most of it ups and downs. . . .

"The old shikari spotted a herd of ibex ahead. There was a bind in the canyon which made a stalk possible. We eased forward and found four billies of the bank walking up the bank of a stream. I picked out the larger and the .300 dropped him in his tracks. These ibex were a different breed than the ibex we had shot at Gilgit and Pasu. The horns were extremely massive like those from the Tien Shan range. The tape showed a shade over 47 inches around the curve.

"We arrived at Kuksell finally, where the branch of the valley led up to Khunjerab and Chapchingal. We quickly made camp. There was no wood of any kind, so the men gathered yak dung and burtsa, the latter a scrubby plant, that provided the only fuel at this altitude.

"At four a.m. next morning, I got up and made ready. The temperature stood at 12 degrees below zero, and a biting wind had come up, blowing up the canyon toward the Khunjerab. If there were any sheep in the great valley, the wind was taking our scent toward them. There was no choice for it but to climb with the wind; possibly it would shift.

"After some hours, we stopped in the lee of a jumble of boulders and I trained my glasses toward the passes, now only two miles away — Khunjerab to the right, the great glacier of Waaderin in the center, and higher up and to the left, Chapchingal.

"I scanned the slopes leading to the passes. They were mostly snow covered, but here and there the wind had swept the ground bare. I searched toward Khunjerab, then turned my binoculars toward the Waaderin Glacier. Nothing. Then I looked toward Chapchingal and there they were: nine *Ovis Poli* rams with great flaring horns! My heart was in my throat and my hands trembled so greatly I had to lower the glasses. When I recovered sufficiently to raise my binoculars again, I rested them on a boulder and feasted my eyes on those great sheep.

"Suddenly as I watched, they threw up their heads and trotted over the pass into Red China. My elation turned to despair. In my excitement, I had forgotten the wind was coming from behind us.

"After a moment of indecision, my mind started working again, and I motioned the men to follow me. I made a sweeping movement to the left and once more settled down. I swept the slopes with my glasses. I soon saw a great *Poli* ram silhouetted against the sky on a ridge just under the crest of Chapchingal. His magnificent horns were clearly outlined and were in the 60-inch class. He was slowly walking down the ridge toward us. Just behind him was another—and another!

"Once again my emotions were indescribable. I kept counting. Exactly 65 rams came over that ridge! I kept watching until they reached an area scoured free of the snow by the winds. There they massed and commenced to feed. I quickly decided on an approach route, and the four of us commenced the climb.

"We struggled slowly upward for three hours. We would climb 50 yards, breathing four or five times with every step, rest for a few minutes and then resume the climb. I pulled out my thermometer and altimeter and took readings. It was 14 degrees below zero and we stood at 20,800 feet. With a shock I realized we were standing in a place that was higher than any spot on the North American continent.

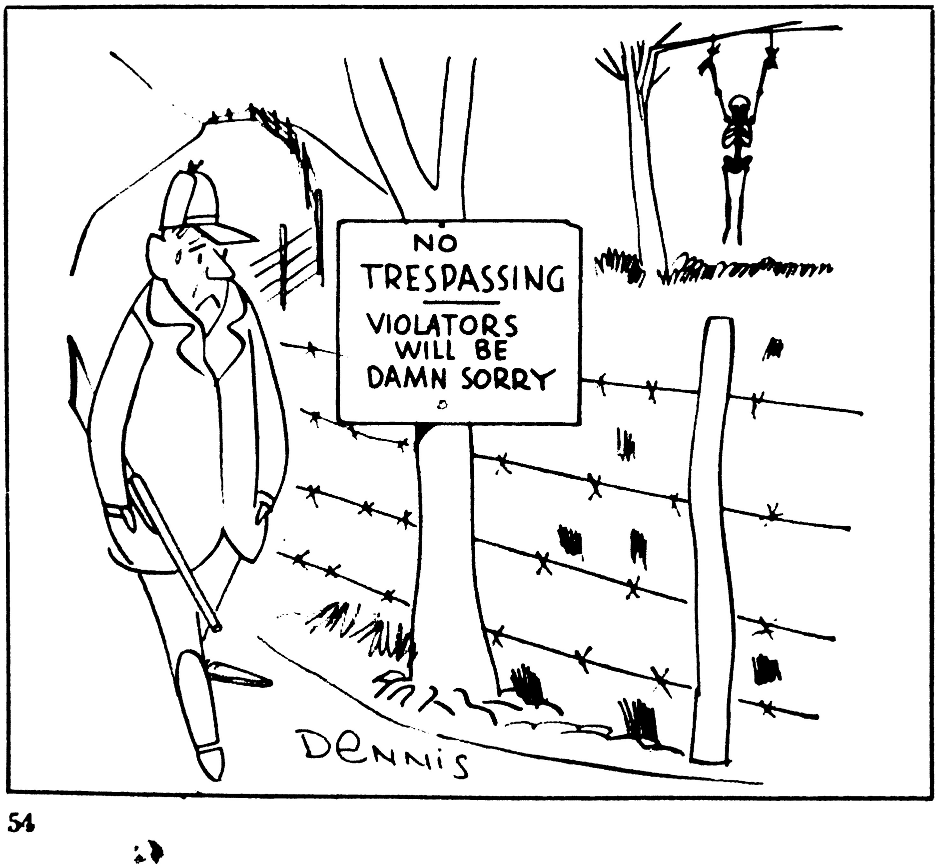
"We started down. Forty-five minutes later we reached an outcropping which marked the ridge the *Poli* were behind. If the sheep were still there, we were now in perfect position. I motioned the others to wait where they were while I crawled up to the top to see if I could spot them, and there they were, bedded down.

"Crawling backward, I joined the others and we started down again. There was a large boulder about 50 feet below the ridge on our side, at a point I estimated as being directly opposite the game. We slowly crept up to the lee side of it and stopped.

"Gulbast touched my shoulder and pointed. There were the great rams, about 500 yards away and just trotting over a ridge. Somehow they must have seen me when I spotted them from above, or somehow sensed our presence in spite of the wind and the care of our stalk. As I watched, the last seven or eight of them stopped just under the crest of the ridge.

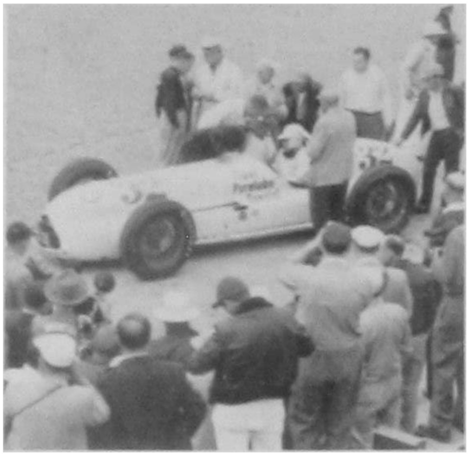
"Moving around the boulder, I rested the rifle on it and took starvation aim at what appeared to be the biggest ram. The .300 was sighted in for 300 yards, and at the 500 yards which I estimated the range to be, the bullet would drop about 22½ inches. I allowed for this and gently squeezed the trigger.

"On the shot, the chosen ram took two or three leaps up the slope—and then collapsed. At last I had an *Ovis Poli!* The great quest was at an end! Or at least it was half over—we still had to get out with our trophies. But we did it. And whatever it cost in money and effort, it was worth it! . . . This award is a bonus."



hard-luck car

(Continued from Page 17)



reaction Hepburn gave it full throttle to pull it out of the spin, but the 550-horsepower engine tore the car from his control, hurling the Novi across the track, into the retaining wall. The car's long nose crumpled under the terrifying impact, and when the dust had settled, Ralph Hepburn was dead at 52.

With Bergere's spins and Hepburn's death, the Novi took on a reputation for being a jinxed car. It was whispered that they were simply too much for a man to handle.

Ignoring the rumors, driver Duke Nalon took up the challenge in 1948 and, with less than 50 miles of practice, qualified the killer's twin at 131.603 mph to be the fastest in the field. He was only 36 then and a comparative newcomer among the veterans of the "500." But he handled Welch's bomb as though he had been born in its cockpit, putting on a demonstration of driving that made many of the older drivers sit up and take notice. Starting in the 11th position, he was at the halfway point when he refueled. The Novi was running like a dream. By the 450-mile mark, Duke had pushed on through to take the lead over second place Mauri Rose by at least half a minute. Wilbur Shaw, then president of the speedway, and movie star Barbara Britton were already heading for Victory Lane to welcome Nalon.

Then, at 462 miles, Lady Luck showed her hand. Duke ran out of fuel and he had to slide to a stop at the pit. On his earlier stop, the pressure fueling system had blown a bubble inside the tank and backed fuel up and out the filler cap. The crew had thought the tank was full, but Nalon had actually been some 25 gallons short.

When ready to go again, the Novi stalled, and in the minute and a half that elapsed before it was back on the track, Duke dropped to the number three spot. Duke said ruefully after the race, "That was probably the most expensive pit stop in racing history. It cost us at least $27,000—the difference between first place and third."

In 1949, the Novi pattern remained the same. Nalon again qualified with the fastest time of the field. This time, however, defeat was not a last minute thing. Early in the race, the axle on Nalon's car broke, slamming him into the wall at 140 mph. The Novi burst into flame while still hurtling along the wall, and Duke was severely burned, although he miraculously lived.

The twin Novi driven by Rex Mays in the same race stalled after 48 laps. That was to be Mays' last battle with his own personal jinx at Indy. He died in the dust of a California track in November of that year.

In spite of the fact that in 1951 Nalon pushed his Novi to a record 136 mph for ten miles during the trials, and that Chet Miller set a new qualifying record in 1952, the three years, 1950 through 1952, saw the Novi relegated to the sidelines on the big day.

Chet Miller was in the Novi again for the practice runs before the 1953 race. The car was performing smoothly, turning in lap averages of 139 mph when, coming low out of the southwest turn, it suddenly fishtailed to the right, then swung left into the dirt. For a fleeting second, Chet seemed to have the screaming monster under control, but then it whipped its tail to the left and veered toward the wall, its front tires grinding a trail of hot rubber across the track. It struck the wall with tremendous impact, bounced back and struck again and again, finally came to a halt some 300 feet away. Miller, his foot still jammed on the throttle, had died instantly.

In spite of the tragedy, Duke Nalon qualified the remaining Novi at 135.461 mph on the following week end for his 10th Indianapolis start. But when race day came, the Novi could not take to the heat and the front drive wheels chewed so much rubber that Nalon had to make four pit stops.

In the meanwhile, Bill Vukovich was relentlessly pushing his Fuel Injection Special to Victory Lane, leading on all but five of the 200 laps. Actress Jane Greer was already bestowing the victory kiss on Vukovich's grimy face when Duke came into the northeast turn on his 191st lap.

Gene Hartley was on the turn, too, his machine careening crazily off the retaining wall. Nalon realized that if he were going to avoid a certain collision he would have to do something quick. At 140 mph he cut the wheels hard to the left and floored the throttle, putting the Novi into a spine-shattering spin. The car roared off for the infield, hurling dirt and debris in all directions while plowing a deep furrow. The nose of the car was bent, but Nalon was unscathed. Everyone was flagged off the track and 11th place was awarded to Nalon. He later was designated "Sportsman of the Year" for this courageous act.

The next year, Lew Welch shrugged off Nalon's failure to qualify, although he claims he signaled Nalon to come in at the end of his third qualifying lap because he was running too slowly. Nalon did not see the signal and thus the Novi missed the big race. Afterwards, Welch turned the car over to Tony Bettenhausen, one of the heaviest footed and hardest driving devils ever to compete in racing. Running five laps against the clock, the "Tinley Park Express" never went under 140.406 and reached 141.287 mph on his best lap.

Nonetheless, the day of the front wheel drive was at an end.

In eight years without a basic redesigning, the Novi had lost its superiority to a new breed of rear axle drive—the ultra light and fleet "roadster" developed by Frank Kurtis, a wizard of the racing world. The Welch-Winfield dream cars were scrapped and Kurtis was commissioned to build two rear-drive speedsters around Winfield's V-8 blocks.

The new Novi had a tubular chassis with torsion bar suspension all around and a wheelbase of 98 inches. Jean Marcenac, the veteran mechanic who had replaced Winfield after the latter's death in 1950, modified the engine to deliver 650 horsepower. The over-all length of the sleek aluminum chassis was not cut, but the top of the hood was brought down to just 28 inches above track level.

In 1955, Troy Ruttman was scheduled to drive one of the Novi cars, but he did not qualify. The car's jinx seems to rub off on its drivers. By the time the 1956 race rolled around, the brand new Novi had the bugs worked out and was ready to roar. Rain forced the early closing of the qualification runs, keeping one of the redesigned behemoths out of the competition, but burly, curly haired Paul Russo eased his heavy set frame into the other cigar-shaped bomb and turned in a practice lap of 146.6 mph the fastest man had ever lapped the oval.

It seemed a good omen, and many were betting that the old curse would not work this year. The Novi got off to a good start, charged right out from the third row, and on the ninth lap Russo was clocked at 146.5 mph with 32 other cars on the track!

There was never another race like the 1956 classic. On the tenth lap, a blanket could have covered Russo, Pat O'Connor, and Pat Flaherty with Russo out in front by a hair. By the 17th lap, Russo was a full second ahead of O'Connor and his average speed of 141 mph was three miles per hour above the record.

But as Russo roared into the southeast turn on his 21st lap, Lady Luck took a hand in the game. The railbirds still argue about whether a right tire blew or the valve stem was pulled out by the terrible torque of that powerhouse engine. Whatever it was, the Novi was a red blur as it spun, smashing head-on into the wall in a cloud of smoke and white flame. Miraculously unhurt, Russo sprang from the cockpit and raced across the track to the infield. Pat Flaherty rode on to win; the Novi was awarded 33rd place and $3,947, bringing the return on the death of two great drivers and 11 years of work to just $63,421.58.

Nevertheless, Lew Welch was back at the Brickyard in 1957, but the plot did not change. Paul Russo brought one of the ill-fated monsters to the finish in fourth place while Tony Bettenhausen took the other to the 15th spot. The jinx continued in 1958 with Russo involved in a backstretch collision that pushed him back to 18th place.

After that things just seemed to get worse. Mechanical troubles kept the Novi from qualifying in both 1959 and 1960. Finally, after 15 years of heartbreaking defeat, Welch threw in the towel. He offered the twin monsters for sale.

They were bought by the famous racing car builder Anthony Granatelli, and he brought one of them to the 1961 race. Although the car was not really ready for competition, driver Dick Rathmann took the powerful brute for a ride and was turning laps at 149 average the fastest ever done at the speedway. No driver was available for the race, so the car was withdrawn.

Now completely restyled and rebuilt, will the Novi cars do for their new owner what they could not for Lew Welch? Perhaps Lady Luck will soften and smile on Granatelli. And then again, perhaps she is still harboring her mysterious grudge against the supercars.

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yesterday's heroes—capt. john bulkeley

(Continued from Page 16)

Only the repetition of presented awards since has stopped John Bulkeley's knees from knocking; how unnerved can even the most modest of men remain after The Congressional Medal of Honor, The Navy Cross, The Purple Heart, The Army Distinguished Service Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster, and The Silver Star, to list but a few?

Over the ensuing 21 years since the 30-year-old commander of Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 3 stood ill at ease beneath the spotlight, Bulkeley has gone wherever the Navy has assigned him and has distinguished himself in each post with efficiency and imagination. In 1960, he took over the command of Clarksville Base in Tennessee, where his immense capacity for work and enduring pride in his service branch stimulates all personnel. Clarksville's YN1, H.V. Moffett, says, "When he's not within earshot, we call the Captain 'Big Bopper'. He has outside interests and he's a great family man, but the Navy is his life. He approaches every problem as though he were back aboard the 41 and he just won't stop till the job is done. The respect for him is tremendous."

"Big John" Bulkeley's love affair with the U.S. Navy began long before the summer of 1929 when he entered the Naval Academy on appointment from Texas. Born in New York in 1911, he was attracted to ships and naval history from almost the beginning, and his appointment was an exultant thrill. Commissioned Ensign in 1934, he joined the USS Indianapolis and in 1936 transferred to the USS Sacramento. In January, 1940, he reported on board the USS Saratoga, and from February to April, 1941, he commanded Submarine Chaser Division 2, with additional duty as Commander of Submarine Chaser Squadron 1. In August of that same year, he became Commander of Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 3 where, within a matter of months, he was to help write one of the most spectacular chapters of the Philippine Campaign. The Japanese first felt the sting of MTBRON 3 shortly after their sneak attack on Pearl Harbor.

Bulkeley's Medal of Honor was awarded as a consequence of a chain of events which began with that bombing. (A bombing which he remembers as having surprised many Navy men. "I don't know why they should have been," he told William L. White in the excellent wartime chronicle *They Were Expendable*, "because they got the same warnings we did in Manila. That war was maybe days, perhaps even only hours, away. The only thing that surprised us was that it was Pearl Harbor that got the first attack, not us. We'd been following the negotiations. We knew we needed 60 more days to put the islands in shape for decent defense. We needed planes and tanks. Most important of all, at least half the Filipino army had never had a uniform on until a few weeks before the fighting started. They needed training, and Washington knew this just as well as we did, and of course didn't want war.")

Barely six weeks after the attack on Hawaii, the war was going well—for the enemy. Already the Philippines had a bitter new name: America's Little Dunkirk. Men desperately outnumbered were trapped animals on Corregidor and Bataan. Manila had fallen. From Formosa, Japanese troops streamed down Lingayen Gulf in droves.

Patroling the Subic Bay area on a grimly starless January night, "Big John" Bulkeley, commanding 5 other PT's and 50 men, stood on the bridge of his 77-foot plywood mosquito boat, acutely aware of the stillness. The boat's 3 Packard engines worked at half speed in order to maximize the quiet. Lieutenant (j.g.) Ed DeLong and Ensign George Cox stood with him, watching, waiting. The quiet was a little too reassuring. They were in dangerous water and all three men sensed that tonight well might furnish the action the enemy promised.

They did not have long to wait. A light suddenly materialized on the sea.

Immediately, all Packard engines were turned on. Two gunners rushed to their mounts, reaching for their .50-caliber guns, prepared to open fire at the word. Bulkeley, only a moment before lazily scratching his ragged black beard, ordered the PT boat to alter its course and head for the light. Cautiously the PT headed in the direction of the unexplained light, but abruptly the light was extinguished and there once again was nearly total darkness. "What the hell's going on here?" Bulkeley asked himself, and brought a megaphone to his lips.

Now no more than 30 yards away from where he had first spotted the light, he called out, "Boat ahoy!" and paused. No sound answered him. The night sent out an aura of serenity.

Furiously, he boomed into the megaphone, "Boat ahoy! Who in the hell are you?" Then the reply came, in the form of a volley of tracer bullets and the vehement ratatat of a Jap machine gun, coursing into the PT's plywood. Bulkeley's gunners opened up with their .50-calibers and he joined them with an automatic rifle, the first weapon at hand. The unexpected noise summoned the men from the engine room up to the deck and they, too, grabbed rifles.

As the exchange of fire lighted up the sky, Bulkeley saw what he and his men were up against: an armored barge, filled with troops, intent on crushing its amoeba of an adversary. And, thought Bulkeley, they might get their way. The pitifully few American patrol torpedo boats, comparatively so small

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[illegible] given numbers, not even names, were puny competition against Japanese vessels. In only six short, desperate weeks too many of them had been mercilessly destroyed on Bataan and Corregidor, and for reasons not their fault: they had been sent out to battle without adequate time to prepare them properly for battle; their lubricants and fuel had been sabotaged, and they did not even have essential spare parts.

"All right," Bulkeley remembers having thought to himself, "you might get us, but not before we give you a hell of a show!"

Fortunately, PT 41 had one mammoth advantage: heavier and more accurate fire. A minute after the correspondence of ammunition, screams of pain lashed from the deck of the barge and "Big John" knew he had begun to prove a point. When an ensign close to him leapt back in agony, a bullet slicing through both ankles, Bulkeley called for PT 41 to keep circling the barge and roared for more firing. The fracas remained violent and ear-splintering until the impossible happened. The Jap guns stopped, almost as shockingly swiftly as they had started. The PT's persistent volleys had punctured the huge waterline. The barge, with its 130 men, sank slowly but irreversibly beneath the calm sea.

This should have been enough action for one night, but it was not. On their way back home, "Big John" spied another barge. If the chances for victory over the first barge had been slim, they were just about nonexistent now with the dramatic decrease of ammunition. Aware of the danger of poor odds that could visit on his men, Bulkeley put it to a vote: attack or go home? To a man, the crew enthusiastically agreed to chase some more Japs.

They opened fire and were within 10 yards of their quarry when the barge's fuel tanks exploded. Bulkeley called for PT-34 to come up alongside when without warning the barge turned and attempted to ram. From 20 feet Bulkeley pitched a handful of grenades onto the enemy deck and, cursing, grabbed a .45 and jumped onto the Japanese boat, which was fast going down. He collared its captain who screamed, "Me surrender!" and took him back to the PT.

Bulkeley thrived on achieving the impossible and did it repeatedly—never disregarding the safety of his men, always planning and executing attacks with brilliant strategy. He seemed to turn up, calmly ready for action, everywhere. Commanding Motor Torpedo Boat 34, he led his crew through the perilous Luzon area of Binanga Bay, searching for an enemy ship reported there. He found it.

By January 18, 1942, enemy ships, along with a cruiser sporting six-inch guns, were shelling Bataan mercilessly. Casualties were high, partly because of the lack of air support. Bulkeley ordered Lt. DeLong to go with PT-31 and Ensign Chandler to go with PT-34. He went with them. Hitting Subic Bay, he separated the boats. Almost immediately, the Japs started to search them out, from warships and from the shore. There was an avalanche of searchlights, the explosion of heavy shells and machine gun and cannon tracers. PT-34 realistically moved away, and kept moving till Port Binanga could be sighted. One of the engines by now was completely out and the other two were in bad shape.

Soon "Big John" spotted his target, a huge cruiser which sent out its searchlight 500 yards away. "Full throttle!" he shouted and the torpedos ripped into the cruiser, exploding its magazines and bursting it into white flame. But the anguish was not over yet. One of the torpedos had not fired and it pledged potential disaster as the sound of escaping compressed air mangled the night. It was stuck in its tube and its propeller spun recklessly. The only ally now was time. If the prop turned only a few hundred revolutions more, the slightest blow could set off the warhead.

As the torpedo jiggled, hissing the news of its rapidly escaping air, a torpedoman rushed to the head and returned with a roll of toilet paper. He leapt on the torpedo and brought its desperate wigglings to a gradual but full stop by jamming paper into the propeller vanes.

For immeasurably helping this Luzon campaign, Bulkeley was recommended for (and received) The Distinguished Service Cross by General MacArthur. This recommendation pleased him, naturally, as did the form of praise he got from the Japs. Just one day after the Port Binanga encounter, "a new secret weapon of the Americans" was reported by Radio Tokyo, "which roared, flapped its wings, and fired torpedoes in all directions."

At nearly the same time, MacArthur became Commander in Chief of the Pacific, he was instructed to leave the Philippines. Given his choice of either a submarine or a PT, he preferred the PT, thus dramatizing his respect for Bulkeley, whom he publicly called his command's most competent officer. Leading 4 PT's, Bulkeley delivered MacArthur and family to Cagayan, where a plane waited to fly them to Australia. Before boarding, the General confided, "Bulkeley, I'm giving every officer and man here the Silver Star for gallantry. You've taken me out of the jaws of death, and I won't forget it!"

In April, Bulkeley returned to the Philippines on PT-41 to fight a 7,000 ton cruiser and destroy it by blasting open its hull and sinking it. A few weeks later he found himself back in the United States, on MacArthur's instructions, at Rhode Island's MTB Squadron Training Center. Within a half year, he took his plywood speedsters to New Guinea, where he wreaked havoc on a series of enemy warships, freighters, and barges, and suffered some havoc of his own: he was hit point blank by a Japanese bullet and, in addition, came down with a crippling fever. Flown to an Australian hospital, he recovered sufficiently to be sent back to America.

The war was not over for him yet, though. "Big John" went to Europe to operate PT's in the English Channel and to direct action against German "E" boats located there. He spearheaded the Invasion of Normandy in June, 1944, as escort commander to the minesweepers which swept the assault area. He later assumed command of the Destroyer U.S.S. Endicott in the Mediterranean.

Again Bulkeley demonstrated his skill and courage during this invasion. On August 16, 1944, he brought the Endicott within easy reach of enemy coastal batteries in the Baie de la Ciotate area and bombed shore targets in support of a special assault mission. After withdrawal of this group the next morning he went to the assistance of several units which were engaging two enemy vessels of inarguably superior strength. Despite intermittent main battery gun failures incidental to the prior bombardment, he pressed his attack with an unrelenting pressure of gunfire. Both ships were sunk.

And so it went for "Big John" in World War II, leaping lithely from battle to battle to scourge the enemy. Except for the bullet wound (which brought the subsequent Purple Heart), his luck was incredible. But, then, so was his fantastic daring.

He is the embodiment of what we mean when we use the word "hero". A campaign is fought bravely by the one-shot paladins. But wars are won by the Bulkeleys.

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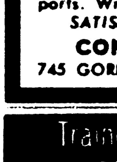

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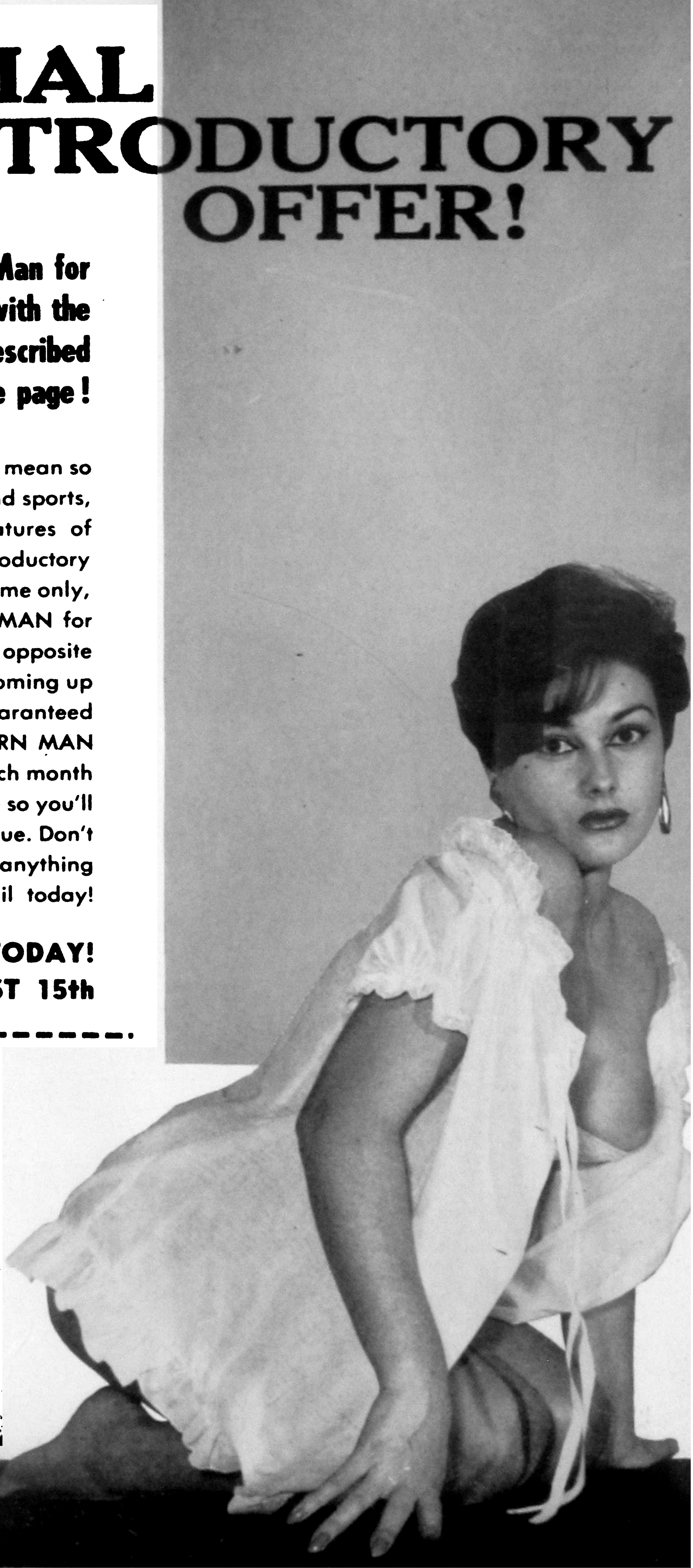

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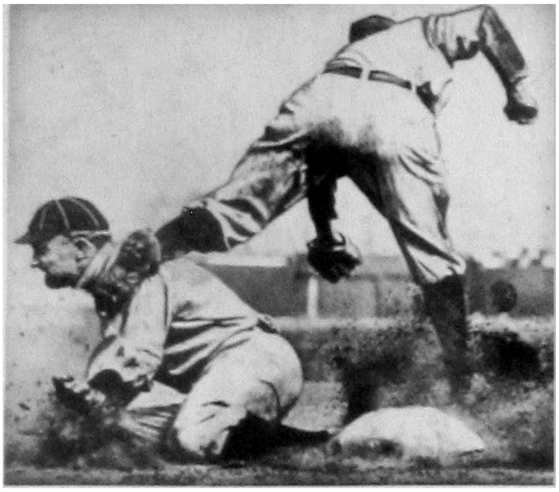

the bases are loaded...

When Rogers Hornsby said Roger Maris "couldn't carry my bat," he started experts wondering about modern ball players. In contrast to the leather-skinned dynamos of bygone years — who fought for wins with spikes and brickbats and would not hesitate to swat an umpire's head into left field to settle a rhubarb — most of today's breed are often rated as better shaving cream salesmen than athletes. Whether or not you agree, you will want to read "Today's Ball Players Are Soft", penned by a top Chicago sports writer, in September MM. The bases are loaded with the action and buffoonery of yesterday's diamond kings like rough-and-rascally Ty Cobb (top) and the wacky Gas House Gang of the St. Louis Cardinals (above). Watch for it.

...and so are the girls.

Check the snazzy chick pictured (left, below) in all her glorious pulchritude. A prize? Darn right. Worth the puny four-bit price of MODERN MAN? Obviously. She is, after all, Quinn O'Hara, Miss Scotland of 1960 and a fast-rising starlet. You might have seen Quinn in "The Errand Boy" or "Pajama Tops", but you likely never saw this female flabbergasterer as she will be shown in the September MM, along with action-filled fiction, power-packed adventure, and pages of the most beautiful and body full women in the world. Get a copy while they last. They go fast.

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